

THE LONDON REVIEW

OF
Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 440.—Vol. XVII.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1868.

[PRICE 4d.
Stamped, 6d.]

LEADING ARTICLES:—

The Crisis.
Election Petitions.
Italy and Rome.
The Member's Progress.
Plagiarism.
Pike-Fishing.

The Water-Colour Exhibition.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MEMORANDA.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

Robert Browning's New Poem.
Audubon's Life.

Dr. Chapman's Remedy for Sea-

Sickness.

Laura's Pride.

The Letters and Life of Bacon.—

(Second Article.)

American Scraps.

SHORT NOTICES:—

Acrostics.

The Worthies of Cumberland.

Parochial and Plain Sermons.

Life Lost or Saved.

List of New Publications for the Week.

THE CRISIS.

THE rumours of dissensions in the Cabinet as the time for meeting the House of Commons approached were strengthened by a prevailing feeling that harmony was impossible in such an Administration in view of such a situation. The majority against the Government was too great to permit of its being contended with, too solid to be disintegrated, too thoroughly at one with Mr. Gladstone to allow of any hopes founded upon probabilities—usually strong enough—of Liberal divisions. The Government had to face a great Opposition, numbering about 110 above their own strength and thoroughly resolved upon a measure which could not be clearly opposed. A Ministry of Disraelis and Stanleys might have taken it out of the Opposition's hands. A Ministry of Northcotes might have prosed and prattled over the matter till they were pushed out of the way. A Ministry of Hardys might have howled itself hoarse, and died screaming. But of a Ministry in which Disraeli, Stanley, Northcote, and Hardy sat side by side to meet an attack on the Irish Church we may say that the only art its plight to cover, to hide its shame from every eye, was that which the poet prescribed to lovely, deluded woman—just to die. Disraeli is the Goldsmith of his fair fallen cause, and, in a prose poem addressed to his supporters, he has sweetened by many expressions of characteristic rotundity and fervour the sad fate of his Administration.

There is something very striking and dramatic in this quasi suicide. So timely a disappearance of the dark hero of our great Protestant melodrama, as it were through a vampire-trap! It is as if Don Giovanni had disappeared in a flash of candle-light, and left the miserable Leporello to do the honours to the Commandant's statue. Or shall we compare this piquant demise to the punctual death of poor Miss Harlowe, timed to the very minute, and appropriately fitting into every circumstance that could heighten the poignancy of the plot? Or shall we picture our daring ex-Premier as Edgar of Ravenswood wildly riding over the sands, and strangely sinking in them? No Tory prophet foretold this political Kelpie's Flow; but a good many forlorn Balderstons have watched Mr. Disraeli "reach the fatal spot, and never pass beyond it." As for Mr. Gladstone, he must stand for Colonel Ashton. Gazing at the horseman who rode towards him with a speed which argued an impatience equal to his own, he has seen "the figure at once become invisible, as if it had melted into the air." He is probably now "rubbing his eyes as if he had seen an apparition," but it is not likely he will complete the parallel by seeking for traces of his antagonist on the sands which have engulfed him.

Mr. Disraeli has an awkward way of rising at awkward

moments, and there is not the least reason to suppose that he has now for ever fallen. His resignation, and the circular in which he has justified it, acknowledge most absolutely the severity and completeness of his defeat. "It is now clear," says he, "that the present Administration cannot expect to command the confidence of the newly-elected House of Commons." A good many persons retort, "Has he only just found this out?" but, in our judgment, the gibe is pointless. That Mr. Disraeli never ought to have had the confidence of the House of Commons is certain; but that he did in a sense enjoy it is established by the fact that it would not have been safe during last session to propose a vote of want of confidence. It is the duty of the House of Commons to inform a Minister in whom it has no confidence that his presence at the head of affairs is undesirable. Notoriously, the Irish Church majorities of 1868 could not have been secured on a question of expelling the Administration. Mr. Disraeli, therefore, had no occasion to acknowledge them as personal defeats, besides being at full liberty to assert that, even on the one point on which he could not beat Mr. Gladstone, the country was not with the House of Commons. Similarly, he had a right to test the correctness of this persuasion by an appeal to the constituencies. That appeal has resulted in a verdict against him; and having no relish for "scenes," except those in which he figures imposingly, he has quietly confessed judgment, and surrendered. In doing so, Mr. Disraeli is not open to any slur. If any one thought Mr. Disraeli the man to go through any open humiliation which he could avoid, we pity his discernment. Had a vote of want of confidence been proposed and lost in the last Parliament, we should have perceived a grievance in his evading a debate and a vote. But Parliament has really no right to insist now upon a penal proceeding which was waived at a time when Mr. Disraeli, though nominally in a miserable minority, was arrogating to himself all the authority and independence of a powerful Minister. Under our system of government, for England to be ruled by a trickster is the country's disgrace more than his. And if a trickster who has been humoured and petted chooses to make his bow and his exit when he sees he is going to be hissed and pelted, he only behaves in character. We have been amongst the freest and loudest in censuring Mr. Disraeli for the unconstitutional manoeuvres which were denounced in vain by Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bouverie, Mr. Horsman, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Percy Wyndham. But as they were denounced in vain, we shall join in no clamour against the poor fallen mountebank who contrives gracefully to slip out of the fair at the moment when he is about to be hustled by the tardily virtuous mob. The whole disgrace of the situation lies, we repeat, with the House of Commons. That disgrace is the deeper because the tendency of the

conduct of Parliament was to mislead the Queen upon a point on which it is most essential for her peace and for the good government of the country that she should not be deceived. Mr. Disraeli has been justly accused of putting the Queen unconstitutionally in the front of the Irish Church battle. He was guilty in this respect of conduct which, as Mr. Gladstone said in Lancashire, should have brought upon him instantaneous expulsion from power. But though Parliament was in full sitting, and though the nature of the Premier's unconstitutional audacities was fully exposed in most emphatic and moving language by honourable and distinguished men of all parties, the House of Commons remained perfectly stolid. Who can wonder that the Minister was encouraged to proceed in the same vein? Who can be surprised that the Queen was brought out to back up the Church in the elections? Who could under such circumstances treat with the absolute contempt they deserved allegations that her Majesty meant to support her favourite servant against the apparent decision of the country? It is even now possible that it is Mr. Disraeli's discretion, moderation, or wise calculation of chances, rather than her Majesty's unwillingness to stand by him, that has led him to give up the game. And if, when Mr. Gladstone comes into office, he should meet with difficulties arising out of Royal prepossessions, the blame will fall, not upon Mr. Disraeli, who played the part natural to him in fascinating the Queen, but upon the House of Commons, which encouraged, by its lethargy and laxity on constitutional points, that wilfulness which has characterized all her Majesty's Hanoverian predecessors, and which it is essential should not be again permitted to disturb the free action of our popular government.

Even at the last moment attempts are sedulously made to bring the Queen into question. The evening Ministerial organ says, "The business of the session must begin with a Speech from the Throne. That Speech must commit her Majesty, not only to a general outline of policy, but to certain specified legislative measures. It would be an act indelicate almost to disloyalty to ask her Majesty to place herself in a position so obviously equivocal, not to say absolutely false. Much more discreet and honourable is it for Mr. Disraeli to resign at once, and so facilitate the free course of government, whilst securing the sovereign from gratuitous embarrassment, public business from unnecessary delay, and his own reputation from unworthy suspicions and imputations." Mr. Disraeli is quite right in looking after his own reputation if he thinks it worth while, but his protection of his sovereign is as "gratuitous" as any "embarrassment" in which she can possibly be placed. There is no "disloyalty" in a Minister committing the Crown to his views as long as he is not beaten by the House of Commons; and "delicacy" is sufficiently consulted even on the eve of foreseen defeat either by silence on the controverted question, or by such a reference to it in the Queen's Speech as will permit of an easy retreat when her Majesty's Ministers have been displaced by statesmen of precisely opposite opinions.

We must purge our minds and our politics altogether of this perilous stuff. Personal government is no longer an English institution. The Crown is just as liable as an Australian governor to speak in the language of one Minister one day, and in the language of another Minister on the next. Due and decent revision of phraseology, with a view to the avoidance of violent contradictions, is a private prerogative which may safely be left in the sovereign's own hands; but if the matter of Royal speeches is supposed to be at the discretion of any one but the Minister, or if Ministers think it necessary to resign in silence in order to secure the political consistency of Royal declarations, there will be an end to the easy and intelligible working of our actual constitution. Conceive how old Leopold of Belgium would have treated any attempt to guard him, or any limited monarch whom he could advise, from the appearance of inconsistency! He would have admonished the officious protectors very sharply that inconsistency was as impossible as error in a constitutional sovereign, because his declarations are not the utterances of individual opinion, but the embodiments of the will of the people, as expressed in Parliamentary support of the chief Minister. The fact that we have now to discuss these dangerous points, in which lie the germs of revolutionary difficulties, is the strongest proof that can be given of the dangers which attend the toleration of a minority Government. A sovereign of England whose principal adviser has no distinct majority at his back, is at the mercy of any unconstitutional whim that

may suggest itself, or be suggested for sinister personal purposes. From any such danger we shall be preserved by Mr. Gladstone's unprecedented strength, and Mr. Disraeli opens the door of safety for us by his resignation, which is as good for the country as it is politic from his own point of view.

That point of view will not, in our judgment, be at once generally adopted by the rank and file of the retiring Minister's supporters. They will be exceedingly mortified. They have fought hard throughout the country. They have spent vast sums both locally and through a central organization. They do not appreciate so frank an admission of defeat. Though disposed to fear that if in office Mr. Disraeli might be tempted to yield in some sense to the enemies of the Irish Church, they are still more inclined to dread lest his resignation should be interpreted as an absolute surrender. Nor will they be much cheered by the prospect of an uncompromising hostility which, in their judgment, could be much better maintained in office. Beyond doubt these feelings, especially since Conservative members are not in town and cannot be quietly talked over by the Whips, will create a great deal of surly discontent. With this Mr. Disraeli must deal as he may. He will probably rely upon the growth of a conviction that the inconvenience of having to state an Irish Church policy would have been extreme, and might have lost the Government the advantage they have derived from the unchequered prosperity of their general administration. Where victory is impossible, freedom in an open country is better than a state of siege. In the Irish Church discussions which must soon come no ex-Minister will be bound to speak or be involved in serious obligations by the utterances of his former colleagues. Mr. Disraeli has had a good innings, and a cornucopia of patronage, with which he has gratified his friends in the shrewd and liberal spirit of the "unjust steward." Every member of his party knows that the best prospect of loaves and fishes is to be obtained over Mr. Disraeli's shoulders. His party will be mortified, and even angry, but there will be few desertions.

On the other hand, the results of this precipitate and ignominious, though gracefully arranged, resignation will be favourable, not only to Mr. Gladstone as Premier, but to Mr. Gladstone as the enemy of the Irish Establishment. It will have a powerfully depressing effect on arrogant Tory constituencies and on stout Tory minorities. It will sicken the political clergy at their very hearts. It will probably render the opposition of the House of Lords feeble and flaccid. In fact, it is one of those rare events which are equally fortunate for both parties. It builds a golden bridge for the retreating hosts; it opens a clear and pleasant road to consummated victory for the forces which have prevailed. Never had a beaten general a happier inspiration. As to the division of the spoils, all speculations are more or less idle and uninteresting. Mr. Gladstone has been too long assured of victory to be in any doubt as to who are to share his most dazzling honours. A few steedless members of his staff must be got into saddles again, but his arrangements cannot be very different from those which the public have generally anticipated. Our next duty will be to take an estimate of the new Cabinet, and its probable relations with the new House of Commons.

ELECTION PETITIONS.

NO more striking example can be pointed out of the change that has in recent years been wrought in the professional theory of the English judicial bench, and still more in its practice, than the spirit and scope of the General Rules, framed and issued by the judges appointed to try election petitions under the "Parliamentary Elections Act, 1868." It has been long a too well-deserved reproach that has been levelled by theoretical critics and foreign observers at the administration of justice in England, that our judges, personally pure from every taint of suspicion, and celebrated for erudition and ability, have been crippled in the exercise of their public duty by an excessive devotion to technical exactitude. No such charge can be brought against the three senior puisne judges of the Superior Courts—Mr. Justice Blackburn, Mr. Justice Willes, and Mr. Baron Martin—for the spirit in which they have accepted the new judicial responsibilities cast upon them, against their own express desire, by the statute of last session. The General Rules of procedure published during the present week are wonderfully clear, concise, and free from technical formalism.

They furnish ample proof that the judges, however they may dislike their new duties, are determined not to shirk them, are resolved to give the repressive purpose of the Act its full effect, and to carry out with uncompromising vigour the declared intention, if not the real meaning, of that strange "self-denying ordinance" of the last unreformed House of Commons. These rules indeed are, in our opinion, of much more significance than the statute out of which they have arisen. The prevention of corrupt practices, as far as penal enactments could effect it, was provided for by the Legislatures many years ago; and the "Bribery Acts" of 1854 and of 1863 still remain the basis of our penal law against electoral corruption. What was required, and has now been supplied, was not a stringent code, but an impartial and vigorous tribunal. The Committees of the House of Commons scarcely pretended to be impartial, and entirely disavowed the imputation of rigour. The prosecution of offenders degenerated into an instrument of party strategy, and the laxity of the amateur judges permitted the great majority of offences to escape behind the thick darkness of technical forms. When the judges were invested with the powers taken away from the House of Commons, the danger to public justice from party intrigues disappeared; but we were still disposed to fear that electoral corruption would continue to be sheltered, as it had been, by legal subtleties. That apprehension has been happily dispelled by the publication of the General Rules. There can no longer be any doubt that, if the constituencies, or the better part of them, honestly care to put down bribery and kindred offences, the law has now provided an efficient machinery for doing so.

The General Rules, which are dated the 21st of November, 1868, and are signed by the three judges before mentioned, are sixty-one in number, and trace minutely in detail the steps of the process of trial of an election petition. Lest this minuteness of detail, however, should have the customary ill effect of technical particularity, the sixtieth rule provides "that no proceedings under the Parliamentary Elections Act, 1868, shall be defeated by any formal objection." The meaning of this clause is, that where some slight error in procedure shall have been made on the part of the petitioner, he shall be allowed to mend his hand, and that the offender shall not be permitted to escape the consequences of inquiry by reason of an opponent's error. This is the more necessary, as the avowed purpose of the Act is to enable private persons, being candidates or electors interested in the contested return, to set in motion of themselves the penal law against corruption. The petition, signed by the petitioner, whether he be candidate or elector, must be drawn up in the clear and simple form supplied in the Rules; it must state the grounds of the petition, the right of the petitioner, and the precise nature of his claim, and it must be presented at the office of the Master appointed by the Chief Justices of the Common Pleas within twenty-one days from the date of the contested return. Within three days from the presentation of the petition the petitioner is to find security for costs to the amount of £1,000. This provision is designed to counteract the schemes of party managers who might endeavour to defeat justice by a petition purposely conducted so as to fail; it is also necessary to repress vexatious and frivolous proceedings. It may be doubted whether it will be quite effective for the former purpose; but the judge is invested with powers for carrying on the inquiry independently of the parties, which he would no doubt exercise in any case where there was reasonable ground for suspicion. After the presentation of the petition, the Master gives notice of it to the returning officer, as the petitioner is bound to do within five days to the respondent. The preliminaries being thus arranged, the judges on the rota are called upon to settle the time and place of trial for the various petitions presented. Unless some special reason be assigned, the inquiry will take place in the county or borough where the contested election has been held, and notice of the proceedings must be sent from the Master's office to the petitioner and the respondent as well as the returning officer of the constituency. Fifteen days after this notice, the judge appointed enters upon his duties in the place fixed, with the same forms used at the commencement of an assize. The proceedings go on *de die in diem*, and are not invalidated by the illness or death or resignation of the judge. The fees of counsel, it is said, under this new procedure, will not be maintained at the high rate that has made the Parliamentary Bar an El Dorado for so many indifferent lawyers,

and the costs of a trial on petition will be kept within reasonable limits. The judge has the privilege of deciding upon which party to a proceeding the costs of it ought to fall, and in most cases the defeated party no doubt will suffer additionally in this respect. But this is the smallest part of the judge's power. He unites the functions of a judge at common law, of a jurymen, and of an Election Commission under the old system. He has power to summon witnesses himself, to examine them, to indemnify them against criminal penalties; and his decision on law and fact is final. A Report embodying that decision must be presented to the House of Commons, who will proceed to act upon it precisely as upon the Report of an Election Committee.

There can be no question that the scheme of procedure we have traced, so simple, plain, and free from subtleties of law, will afford to all who are honestly anxious to put down corrupt practices the opportunity of vindicating the public right to purity of election. It may be that the extended powers conferred under the statute upon the judges, and clearly defined in the General Rules, are somewhat startling in their application to a class of offenders against the law of the land who have heretofore enjoyed a mischievous impunity. It must not be forgotten that the report of the judge after a trial on petition will not only decide upon the validity of a certain election, but will affect directly the status of many individuals. A candidate (or an elector) convicted of having been guilty of corrupt practices, becomes, *ipso facto*, liable to certain important civil disabilities. He becomes incapacitated, for a period of seven years, for sitting in Parliament, for voting at Parliamentary elections, for filling any public, judicial, or municipal office, and for holding the commission of the peace. But this is not all. There are heavy penalties of fine and imprisonment attached to the misdemeanour of receiving bribes, and the judge's report to the House of Commons will be placed in the hands of the Attorney-General, in order that the persons implicated therein may be prosecuted. These important penal consequences are made to depend, under the new statute, upon the decision of a single judge, sitting without a jury, and exercising inquisitorial power of summoning and examining witnesses, and even compelling them to incriminate themselves, though under promise of indemnity. Such a method of procedure is scarcely known to the English law, and many persons already protest against it as a dangerous innovation. At one time it might have been dangerous, but that time is long past; we have now the most complete confidence in the integrity of the Bench, and we have learned to treat the interpreters of the law with implicit faith. Electoral corruption can only be held in check by strong measures of repression; and we are not disposed to quarrel with the most hopeful plan that has yet been devised for crushing it, because that plan runs counter to some time-honoured traditions of English law.

ITALY AND ROME.

AFTER a somewhat lengthened period of quiet and inaction, Italy is beginning to stir once more, and to demand the attention of foreign politicians. The subject of this reawakening is of course Rome. The execution (to be followed, it is said, by others) of the Garibaldians Monti and Tognetti, for blowing up some barracks in the Eternal City on the occasion of the rising last autumn, has created a great deal of excitement at Florence and elsewhere in the Peninsula, and has revived and intensified the popular hatred of the Papal Government. This is nothing more than might have been expected, and yet it is not strictly reasonable. As we remarked last week, every Government has the right of self-protection, and the particular act of which Monti and Tognetti were found guilty had a treacherous and cruel character, which takes it out of the category of political offences, and blunts our sympathy for the persons committing it. We are forced to place it in the same class with the Fenian murder of the policeman Brett at Manchester, or the blowing down of the wall of Clerkenwell House of Detention a year ago. To the latter crime, indeed, it bears a considerable resemblance; and we cannot be surprised that the Pope should consider himself bound to protect his protectors against such attempts, by making an example of the wrong-doers. In our just repugnance to priestly misgovernment, we must not confound two matters that are radically distinct. The Pope as a temporal

sovereign is in a false position towards Italy, towards Europe, towards Christianity, and towards the present age. He is an anachronism, exasperating and thwarting for a time the progress which he cannot in the end prevent, alienating the respect of all Italians who desire a future for their country, and bringing religion itself into hatred and contempt by associating it with the follies and oppressions of dead and buried times. But his sovereignty being a fact, he is justified in asserting it in a plain matter of police and civil rule. On the other hand, it is not difficult to identify oneself with the feeling pervading the breasts of all patriotic Italians as they read of the fate of Monti and Tognetti. In *their* eyes, those unfortunate men are two more added to the long list of martyrs to the cause of Italy. Besides, the Papal Government seems to have played with the lives of its enemies, in a way which suggests the long-drawn cruelty of a cat dallying with a mouse. The men have been kept awaiting their fate for more than a year. Various rumours with respect to them have gone abroad—that both had been pardoned, that one had been pardoned, that the sentence had been commuted, and so forth. The Papal Government in fact seems to have hesitated a long while as to what it should do; and hesitation, when it ends in rigour, always has the aspect of brutality. We cannot be surprised, therefore, that the political circles at Florence should have been greatly agitated at the event, and that it should have led to some excited discussion in the Chambers and the press. General Bixio, in the Lower House, spoke very strongly on the subject, and, together with other members, proposed an order of the day expressing the reprobation of the Chamber, which was adopted in preference to another of a milder character. Though a Garibaldian general, Bixio was opposed to the rising of last year, which he foresaw could only end in disaster; yet he used no measured language in denouncing the late act of the Pontifical Government. It may be questioned, however, whether his words were reasonable or prudent. He demanded "a vigorous and decided policy, to restrain the Papacy, and to compel France to cease from imposing her dominion at Rome." Translated from declamation into plain language, what does this mean? or does it mean anything at all? General Bixio must surely be aware that Italy has no power to restrain the Papacy, or to compel France. If, indeed, the decision of the matter lay simply between the Italian people and the petticoated Government at Rome, there could be very little doubt as to the issue. The rule of the cardinals would not last a day. It would take to ignominious flight in 1868 as it did in 1848, and we should see the Pope once more seeking safety under cover of a footman's livery, as the gods of antiquity found refuge in shapes of beast and bird at the rising of the Titans. But the Papal States are, practically speaking, a province of France, and is Italy prepared to enter the arena against such a foe? If not, is it dignified to talk of compelling where the only choice is to obey? To shake your fist in the face of a man whom you dare not or cannot strike, and who simply regards your actions with contemptuous indifference, is not the way to procure the respect of the on-lookers. It is a pity that the Italian Chamber did not feel this, and discourage the superfluous energy of those who are "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike." General Menabrea adopted a cautious tone in speaking on this delicate subject; but even he characterized the execution of Monti and Tognetti as "unjustifiable," and attributed to it a "political significance." Both phrases were ill-chosen. The act was not unjustifiable, according to the accepted code in such matters, and it has no greater political significance than the general fact, which continues from day to day, of the Pope setting Italy at defiance, and raging at every modern idea which renders humanity greater, nobler, and happier than of old.

It is under these painful and perplexing circumstances that the Government of General Menabrea has—if report speak truly—once more undertaken the task of coming to some species of arrangement with France and the Papacy. A renewal of the Convention of September, 1864, is talked of, and it is said that the French Government has consented to withdraw its troops after the general elections in France, which will come on in 1869. The Pope, on his part, is to abolish passports and Customs dues on the frontiers of Victor Emmanuel's dominions, and to permit, up to a certain distance of Rome, the entry of Italian troops into the States of the Church, in pursuit of brigands; while, as compensation for the loss of Customs dues, Italy is to hand over to the Pope the sum of £100,000 English. If these reported

details be true, and if the scheme be carried out, some approach will have been made towards a final settlement, although, it must be admitted, only a very slight approach. The questions are, whether anything more is possible at present, and whether it is not better to make a beginning, however slight, than to stand apart in sullen and fruitless isolation. The union of Rome with Italy by a revolutionary process being impossible under existing circumstances—impossible, not from any adverse feeling in Italy itself, nor from any inherent strength in the Papacy, but from the expressed determination of France not to permit such a fact—a compromise is the only course left open to the Italian Government, unless they simply fold their hands, and await the chapter of accidents, which is hardly the policy of statesmen. It is true that such has been the policy of the Menabrea Cabinet until the opening of the negotiations which are now said to have taken place; but what was justifiable, and even necessary, on the morrow of Mentana, would be simple incompetence if prolonged after the restoration of the normal state of things. The *modus vivendi*, of which so much was said a year ago, is the only method open to the Italian Government and people. It is vexatious; it is disappointing; it is eminently unsatisfactory to the sanguine and enthusiastic, who think that everything is to be done by a florid proclamation and a rush of undisciplined levies, and who imagine that the troops of France may be as safely defied as those of the ex-King of Naples. But it is the sole proceeding possible under the peculiar difficulties of the case. Poor Mazzini, if his sickness should yet leave him strength, may be expected to denounce it as the contrivance of traitors and imbeciles; and Garibaldi will thunder indignant protests from Caprera. But calmer and cooler politicians will see that it presents an opening to Rome, which, narrow though it be, may become wider with time. It is idle to hope for the final settlement of the Roman question during the lives of the two men most distinctly pledged to the maintenance of the temporal power—viz., the Pope himself, and the Emperor Napoleon. Neither will recede—perhaps neither *can* recede. With new men, new measures may be possible; to the present rulers of France and Rome, change is debarred by repeated and solemn declarations, and by the consistent action of many years.

Meanwhile, is Italy to stand still, and to let it be supposed that she has given up all hope, or even desire, of obtaining Rome? In that case, one of two results, equally mischievous, would ensue. Either the party of action would acquire a dangerous prominence, as being the sole representative of the national wishes, and would perhaps involve the country in revolution and war; or a tone of indifference towards Rome would be fostered, of which the enemies of Italian unity would not fail to take advantage. The rumoured Convention keeps the question from stagnating, and offers a chance of conciliation. Such, at least, appears to us the aspect of the matter, as far as we can judge from the very general details that have been published. It is of course possible that there may be features in the Convention of a highly objectionable character. If the Italian Government have given, or propose to give, any guarantee binding them to a perpetual renunciation of Rome as the capital of the kingdom, they have acted in direct opposition to the national wishes, and against the solemn declaration of the Parliament that Rome is a part of Italy. But we have no reason to suppose that any such undertaking is in contemplation, and, assuming the agreement to imply nothing in derogation of the future rights of Italy, the proposed step may possibly be but the beginning of the end. To get the French once more out of Italy is surely a desirable result; to establish some sort of friendly understanding with the Papal Government is not less so. Mere standing aside and sulking can do no good: the only hope of the future is in movement. Movement of any kind, short of retrogression, is sure to be more to the advantage of the Italian nation than of the Pope; for the former lives by progress, and the latter exists only by inaction.

THE MEMBER'S PROGRESS.

ALTHOUGH we have not as yet members of Parliament by profession, there are few men who go into the House without having at least some faint and vague desire of doing what is phrased their duty towards their constituents. In the first flush of gratitude after his return, the still sucking legis-

latter experiences thrills of an ambitious and sentimental character, relative, it might be said, to things in general. Of course he has already taken sides, but on whatever bench a young member sits, there is no mistaking the manner in which his fingers itch to handle the new broom. Possibly he begins to select the type he is going to follow. In both his own leaders, and in those of his opponents, he sees much that could be remedied. He has often reviewed their shortcomings through the medium of his favourite paper, and now through his own eyeglass he has the means of noting those faults which it will be his function to abate in his distinguished career. About this time, already, he commences to forget Little Pedlington for which he was returned. A future Minister should study imperial interests rather than remedies for grievances of local paupers. The outside greetings which he receives help the delusion. To most people a Member of Parliament is a Member of Parliament, and can be nothing more. Mr. Gladstone is a member, and so is Mr. Whalley; one can write M.P. after his name with just as good and sound a title as the other. Therefore the raw member in his club and elsewhere (unless it be the Carlton or Reform, where there is a glut of representatives) finds himself thought even more about than he expected. For if it be true that the misfortunes we anticipate never hurt so much when they come as we feared they would, so is it equally true that there are successes in life which often confer pleasures in excess of the first prospect. It is a great change after all from being plain Mr. Brown to being Brown, M.P., and all the Smiths recognise the fact. They no longer contradict Brown as they used to, or allow a laugh to hang fire after one of his jokes. The members in the smoking and coffee room are more attentive to him also, for the hall-porter, who knows everything, has informed them of the change in the condition of their patron. And it is the same in every haunt that Brown frequents. The vulgar saying of the Duchess of Marlborough that triumph consisted in being always the first person allowed to pass through a door, expressed a truth which forms part of the creed of every genuine Englishman. No wonder that the favouring smiles of women and of men almost turn the head of the young member. We believe the day has almost passed when at this particular season the ladies of great politicians used to take him up. The plan was to ask him, irrespective of his previous place in society, to a grand entertainment, where he was cajoled and flattered, and stroked down the right way, until he had parted with his vote. The similarity of the process to that exercised in his own behalf on some hesitating small tradesman whose support he required never seems to have occurred to him. He is surrounded by dazzling people with dazzling names. His name is not put last among them you may be sure. The publication of the list sends perhaps a shudder of indignation amongst his constituents, but the perfidy cannot be punished until a period elapses which appears as remote as the Greek Kalends. So the member is, for the future, given up to evening parties, and relapses into a numerical figure, always to be reckoned on when wanted. We doubt whether this practice is as prevalent as it was. Lady Palmerston was perfect at it. Lord Derby has before now done a good stroke of extra Parliamentary business through it. But that is only one of the perils of the member's progress. If he could see them all, there are indeed hills of difficulty and sloughs of despond steep enough and deep enough to frighten the stoutest heart. How has he measured, for instance, his power of talk, and has he made allowances for the peculiar temper and almost jargon of the House—the House of Commons' air, which if a man does not catch sooner or later he must be content to be relegated to the obscurities or inanities of the place? In fact, it would shorten the waiting period of success, or indicate precisely the chances of failure, if some apprenticeship in the Gallery were permitted to members. There are many gentlemen in the House who never open their mouths in any part of it but the tea-room, and who, amongst a bench of magistrates in their own county, could express themselves freely and clearly enough. They have possibly thought they would cut some figure on the floor, but that figure never comes off. It is deferred, night after night, until at length they dread as much catching the Speaker's eye as an Italian peasant-woman would dread a glance of the evil eye towards her child. It may be that such a member gets an intermittent attack of courage, and stutters out something, half of which is converted into consecutive English by the reporters and the remainder set down under the heading of inaudible by those impartial agents. Nervousness becomes chronic, and the victim of his own unfortunate self-consciousness is often reduced to the most desperate frame of mind by feeling that he really has views to put on a question, which views fly on the

approach of his disorder, and only reappear to torture him with the sense of incompetency when the useful presentation of them is impossible.

Why does not an enterprising publisher, on the advent of a new Parliament, publish a guide or manual for members? Buxton's "Ideas of the Day" might, with the permission of the author, form a serviceable appendix to such a work. It was said at one time that Mr. Fechter was often applied to by members of the Legislature to teach them a few histrionic touches, although we have never seen anything in the House to warrant such a rumour. Still a member's manual should comprise a little theatrical art. There are few actors indeed as dull as the general run of members, and this dullness often communicates itself to clever young men recently come from the Universities, who, in the college debates, have listened to more brilliant speeches than those of Mr. Darby Griffith or the late member for Athlone. A member's troubles do not any more than his education end at the declaration of the poll which places him at the head of the list. He has a severe course of training and experience to pass through, and in nine cases out of ten he fails, in so far at least that he drops among that rank and file which, before his promotion, he often laughed at as an outsider. It will be well for him, perhaps, if he does not, in sheer vexation, work himself into a taste for mere notoriety, and become in the end a melancholy jester or an eccentric bore. We have had truly enough of both, although there is no special hope that we shall not have them again. Fools are always with us, like the poor, and on back benches the roar of country squires, mingled with imitations of the sounds of their fat oxen and poultry, have on certain nights enlivened the debates of the assembled wisdom of the nation. Think of the close of a Parliamentary ambition consisting in crowing like a cock in order to disconcert an opponent! Shall we have many hereditary fools in the new House?—many of those who resemble the actor whose design it was to play the Prince of Denmark, but whom the prejudices of a manager confined to the hind legs of an elephant in a pantomime? The speculation must await the experience of field-nights, when the whippers-in have driven their respective packs from the clubs and the kitchen. The new member, however, should be warned lest he become as one of these. To follow a leader is one thing; to cultivate a sort of reckless gregariousness is to utterly destroy independence of thinking, and to render a member of Parliament a negative quantity. Whole coveys of Tories have been hatched by this artificial system.

PLAGIARISM.

"PEREANT male qui ante nos nostra dixissent!"—May they come to bad ends who say our good things before us! It is a sentiment natural on the lips of those who find they are clever too late in the day, like Dr. Holmes, of Boston, when he discovered that his own good thing—about bigotry and the increased contraction of the pupil with every increase of light—had been already said by Tom Moore. But will the understood law of literature in these cases, namely, that the property belongs to the "first finder," hold good, as it stands pure and simple? If so, does not that amount to saying that there is no such thing, for purposes of criticism, as property in ideas, inasmuch as every idea possible to the human mind is a quotation from somebody?

There is a "silly-nineteen" epoch in our careers, when we have just begun to write criticisms—at which we are always ready to pounce upon anything to which we remember a parallel, cheerily displaying our own vivacity of recollection by showing up the "plagiarisms" of our friends. But with years that bring the philosophic mind come chastened views on these matters. We discover that parallelisms are frequent in cases where borrowing or imitation was impossible. We discover that the number of fundamental propositions as to which direct contradiction (or, of course, originality) is possible is very limited, and that the history of speculation consists in peripheral expansions of ideas on the same line, with real, though fluctuating, increase of luminosity. Furthermore, we discover that there is a perpetual tendency in the human imagination exercised in the sphere of poetry and story to think of similar symbols or images, and to invent incidents in similar relation. It may be reserved for our posterity to formulate what, in modern phrase, would be called the "laws" of these correspondences or progressive parallelisms (for that there is a progression in them is obvious to the sight); but no one can live to anything like maturity, and read and think at all seriously, without having occasional suspicions that these laws exist, and that the *Science des Origines* is only a name until we have

succeeded in making them real to our minds. It would be a great step in advance if some one would make a collection (say) of all the images in which poets and poetic writers, of different ages and nations, have concurred without presumable concert. Another step might be made by an exhibition in superposed series of the different forms in which different minds have represented to themselves the scheme of things, philosophically considered. In strictness, numerous as are these forms superficially looked at, there are two, and two only, moulds into which metaphysical speculation has poured itself,—two, and two only, points at which flat contradiction or divergence is possible; and the variety of the disguises under which the conflict is for ever reappearing is not less striking than the variety-in-sameness which is discernible in the history of poetry. The poetic imagination, also, inevitably shapes its products in one of two forms, which may be called *alto-relievo* and *basso-relievo*. In the poetry of high relief the object itself is reproduced, fresh from the poet's vision, and the work is itself that Metaphor which is of the essence of Poetry; while in poetry of the other school, the thought of the poet is poured into the concave impression of the object, coloured by the poet's idiosyncrasy. Some degree of hybridity attaches to all human work, but the names of Homer and Chaucer, and Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold, will suffice to illustrate, in passing, a fundamental and well-recognised distinction. All that need be added is that catholic or heart-whole lovers of poetry—lovers of poetry for its own sake, apart from moral purpose and other extraneous matter—never know which kind of workmanship affects them most.

When Molière, with exquisite humour, justified himself for taking a scene, or part of a scene, out of another man's writing, by saying, "Je reprends mon bien où je le trouve," he stated obliquely a rule which is, under lofty limitations, good for genius for ends of genius, but not good for the *chevaliers d'industrie* of literature for ends of pocket-money. The limitations might easily be stated. For example, where raw material is so old or so common that nobody cares about it, finding may give the right of appropriation. Sterne was a great transgressor when he took from an older writer without acknowledgment; but no one cares a straw that Parnell's "Hermit" was founded upon a fable of the dark ages. Nor does any one call Chaucer and Shakespeare plagiarists because most of the fables of their writings were originated outside their own minds. Again, where there is a genuine assimilation of material, we do not call a man a plagiarist because his thought and the tone of his work show (to use Shelley's figure) the colour of what he has been feeding on, as the chameleon's skin is said to do. As it has been happily put, "if my horse makes flesh, I don't call him a plagiarist because he ate flesh-producing material in his oats." There is a sense in which a man can no more help reproducing out of literature than he can out of life itself. And, out of all the infinitely numerous possible combinations into which ideas and words may be thrown, a certain very large number must, in the nature of things, be constantly reproduced by different minds. Yet a ludicrous unconsciousness of this very obvious remark is too often exhibited by writing men. It is not long ago since the author of a book of travels complained that another and contemporaneous traveller had plagiarized from his book. There was no foundation whatever for the complaint, and it was nearly as absurd as if, of two men set to write a description of Fleet-street, one had complained that the other had plagiarized in copying the inscription on the Waithman obelisk. Two things, and two only, can be decisively denounced as plagiarism. We are entitled to denounce a writer as a plagiarist when he directly, or colourably though unmistakably, copies from what is not common property (the legends of a nation are *e.g.* common property), and the only test, if the case be serious and much disputed, is the quantity of space over which the alleged copying extends, or the frequency with which it occurs. In the second place, there is another and peculiarly base, because insidious, kind of plagiarism. This consists in taking possession of the essence of an idea which is justly claimed by another, and without acknowledgment using it as if it were original, though under careful disguises. This is very common in current literature. Its excuse would be the sharpness and the confusion of the struggle in literary labour, if the offenders were chiefly strugglers; but, unhappily, they are chiefly deliberate offenders of a totally different class.

The wits have found consolation for the fact that our forefathers have said all the good things before us, in the fact that our descendants will find themselves in the same position with regard to ourselves. As Piron put it:—

"Le remède est simple; il faut faire comme eux;
Ils nous ont dérobés; dérobons nos neveux;

Leurs écrits sont des vols qu'ils nous ont faits d'avance—
Malheur aux écrivains qui viendront après nous!"

The quotation is from memory; and there is another form of the same idea which is quite as good, though we cannot name the author:—

"L'antiquité! . . .
C'est une plaisante donzelle!
Que ne venait-elle après moi?
J'aurais dit la chose avant elle!"

But let us for a moment consider the case of contemporaries. In "Felix Holt," the good old Dissenting minister says something like this about commonplace truths:—"Indeed, it is like offering a bottle of the atmosphere to one who is even now in the open air." Now, in Emerson's essay on the "Over-Soul," we find this very metaphor applied to common truths—"bottling a little air in a phial when the . . . whole atmosphere [is] ours." It is not of the smallest consequence whether this is a reminiscence or not; but, difficult as it might be to argue such a case, it is by no means improbable that the remark was as original in the case of George Eliot as it appears to be, in the case of Emerson; and we say appears to be because we have not very much doubt—our opinion being founded upon long and minute observation—that this is one of a class of ideas likely to occur to the human mind in all ages and under the most varied circumstances when a similar thought is to be illustrated. It is of the very type or model of that primitive kind of metaphor which breaks out in universal fable, and it may almost be affirmed with certainty that its parallel is to be found more than once in the most distantly-related literatures. The image of the sea-shell, used by Walter Savage Landor and Wordsworth in a similar sense, though Landor came first and Wordsworth added to the meaning, is possibly of the same class of spontaneous, natural, and universal metaphor. Take, again, the water-lily parallelism found in both Wordsworth and Tennyson. In "The Excursion," Book V., we have these lines:—

"Moral truth
Is no mechanic structure, built by rule,
And which, once built, retains a steadfast shape
And undisturbed proportions; but a thing
Subject, you deem, to vital accidents;
And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,
Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose head
Floats on the tossing waves."

And in "The Princess," Canto IV., apropos of Cyril, we have the following:—

"These flashes on the surface are not he—
He has a solid base of temperament;
But, as the water-lily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Though anchored to the bottom, such is he."

This, again, is a difficult case to decide. On the one hand, the image of the water-lily thus applied is an extremely natural one; on the other, it is as certain that the Laureate has read "The Excursion" as that George Eliot has read Emerson. The question must remain open—and it is of very little consequence; for all writers, from the highest to the lowest, are vulnerable in these matters.

Let us cite another case or two from Tennyson. In the "Idylls" we have—

"Free love, so bound, were freest," said the king.
'Let love be free; free love is for the best;'"

and in Drummond—

"Love's golden chain,
With which it is best freedom to be bound;"

and besides, in Beaumont and Fletcher—

"Happy the bonds that hold ye!
Since they be sweeter far than liberty;
There is no blessedness but in such bondage;
Happy that happy chain; such links are heavenly!"

In cases such as this it is only sciolists in criticism who raise the cry of "Stop thief!" Even if there were a reminiscence here, it is better than innocent; and, in any case, the turn of thought and phrase belongs to the spontaneous and universal class—that class whose *raison d'être* is laid in the practically unvaried relations of the human heart and life to language.

We will close our parallels of this order by placing side by side Henry Vaughan's "Song to Amoret," and canto LX. of the "In Memoriam," taking Vaughan first:—

"If I were dead, and in my place
Some fresher youth designed,
To warm thee with new fires, and grace
Those arms I left behind;

Were he as faithful as the sun
That's wedded to the sphere,
His blood as chaste and temp'rate run
As April's mildest tear;

Or were he rich, and with his heaps
And spacious share of earth
Could make divine affection cheap
And court his golden birth;

For all these arts I'd not believe
(No, though he should be thine)
The mighty Amorist could give
So rich a heart as mine."

Now compare the modern poet:—

"If, in thy second state sublime,
Thy ransom'd reason change replies
With all the circle of the wise,
The perfect flower of human time;
And if thou cast thine eyes below,
How dimly character'd and slight,
How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,
How blanch'd with darkness must I grow!

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,
Where thy first form was made a man;
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can
The soul of Shakspeare love thee more."

Here, it will be observed, the idea is not absolutely identical in form or phrase; but it is in essence the same, and it is decidedly of the spontaneous order; an idea which comes natural to love, of any sort, breaking into lyrical expression. Every sweetheart, many a wife, says the same *kind* of thing; and you even hear it among the children in their little loves and friendships. So that even if the similarity of phrasing were close, and if both poems had been addressed to the spirits of the dead, there would be no reason for inferring plagiarism, or even that one had ever so remotely suggested the other.

But now let us turn to an example of correspondence of a different kind, which happens to catch our eye at the very moment of writing. The Rev. F. W. Farrar, in the current *Contemporary*, says, that "the clerical and university author of 'Popular Geology Subversive of Divine Religion,' supposes the question asked, 'What was God doing before the first of the six days of creation?' and answers it to his own satisfaction, 'He was decreeing from everlasting a hell for all infidel inquirers.'" Now, turning to Milton's "Tetrachordon," we find the following passage: "So, in the 'Ecclesiastical Stories,' one demanded how God employed himself before the world was made, and had for answer that he was making hell for curious questioners." Here one has scarcely any hesitation in deciding that the passage in the ridiculous book on "Popular Geology" is either a reminiscence or a plagiarism. And the influencing reason is obvious—the elements of the case are extraneous to universal human experience, and there is no *à priori* ground for presuming that the question would state and answer itself in similar terms in different minds. And, since, although it would be possible to extend illustrations indefinitely, it seems scarcely possible to push the subject itself much, if at all, farther, we may as well conclude with these latter examples, which, of themselves, suggest the most important part of the case.

PIKE-FISHING.

OF all the field sports of the British Islands, angling is unquestionably the most popular. Hunting and shooting may reckon their votaries by hundreds, but "the gentle craft" can claim her thousands. The expensiveness of the first two pursuits necessarily places them within the reach of only a few; but a poor man may provide himself with sufficient tackle to enable him to capture fish. And in what other amusement can the charms of Nature be so fully appreciated? The walk to the river-side in spring or early summer, when each blade of grass is heavy with dewdrops sparkling in the morning sun; the ripple of the stream over its pebbly bed; later in the year, the dragon-flies darting hither and thither, or occasionally resting on the rushes; the song of the birds,—all these and many more enjoyments fall to the lot of the angler, increasing largely the pleasures derived from his sport. It is Izaak Walton's intense appreciation of rural scenes that makes his book such a favourite. It reads like a pastoral idyll, and thousands of persons to whom angling is a thing of nought have perused its pages for the sake of the fresh country air which breathes through the work. There always have been, and we suppose there ever will be, persons who affect to disparage the art on account of its appa-

rent tameness and insipidity. The heavy guns of Dr. Johnson and the sharp arrows of Lord Byron have both been aimed against the craft, and few of the Doctor's sayings have been so often quoted as that anent the stick, string, worm, and fool. But neither he nor Byron was a sportsman in any sense of the word, and the cry of the hounds, or the whirr of the grouse, would have had no music in their ears. We can therefore make allowances for their utter failure to comprehend the matter. It is, however, surprising to find men who appear to be good sportsmen in other ways despising the angler's art as compared with their favourite pursuits. We will venture to state that if we could but place one of these men at the side of Tweed or Tay, with a rod in his hand at which a freshly-run twenty-pound salmon is straining, now leaping wildly into the air, and then rushing at racehorse speed down a rapid, he will feel, unless constituted differently from other men, something akin to the excitement of a forty minutes' burst over the grass, and will henceforth look very differently upon the sport he once characterized as dull.

One great advantage of angling is, that it may be pursued during the greater portion of the year; in fact, we may say during the whole of it. Owing to the different periods at which the various kinds of fish spawn, some of them are always in season, those that are out of condition in the summer being in prime order in the winter, and *vice versa*. Supposing, therefore, that an enthusiast in the art possessed sufficient leisure for the purpose, he would find no difficulty in capturing fish on every day in the year, weather, of course, permitting. His tackle would change with the seasons, and when the fly-rod is laid aside, and the salmon and trout no longer rise to the lure, he then turns his attention to the denizens of the deeper waters, and by his well-selected baits attracts them to his hook. The present month is the best of all others for the capture of that voracious fresh-water shark the pike. He spawns in the summer, and is now in his prime. As the weeds and rushes which form his haunts are now decayed, he is not only more easily found, but there is less chance of his escape when hooked. We say less chance, for, after all, the odds are decidedly in favour of the fish, unless he has gorged the hook. From the construction of his mouth, which is a compound of bones and teeth, with a very small proportion of the cartilage other fish are furnished with, the hook very often breaks out, and the fish escapes, to the angler's disgust. In fact, the number of pike brought to land during a day's fishing is by no means commensurate with the "runs" obtained. Even when the fish is fairly hooked, what efforts he makes to escape! If he cannot bite through the line, he will twist it round a post or a root of a tree, he will fling himself out of the water, opening his great jaws and shaking his head, in the hopes of dislodging the hook, to the intense alarm of timid anglers, who have been heard to declare that the fish has barked at them. Then, supposing that none of these dodges prove successful, and that he is fairly encircled in the landing-net, and laid on the grass, all is not yet over. If he cannot escape, he will at least be avenged; his wicked green eyes are on the watch, and if the angler incautiously place his hand within reach, while disengaging his hook, he will speedily find that he has caught a Tartar. A bite from a large pike is no laughing matter. From the formation of his teeth, which incline backwards, it is very difficult to disengage anything which he has seized, and an ugly wound is produced which is hard to heal. The fish, too, has a wonderful power of jumping, whether he be on land or in water, and many a one have we known to escape by his agility when on the bank, and even when in the well of a punt. Various are the means resorted to for capture of the pike. The live and dead bait—the latter used with the gorge-hook or spinning tackle—and even a large and gaudy artificial fly, as big as a bird, will, in some waters, attract him. Very much depends upon the nature of the locality: in deep, weedy places the gorge-hook is the most effective; in clear, and especially in running waters, spinning is best. Numerous kinds of artificial baits have been invented for use in places where the natural bait cannot be had, but, in our opinion, none of them can be compared with a real, fresh, bright dace. The best of the artificial ones for many waters is that which we owe to the ingenuity of the Americans, and which is called the spoon-bait, from its exactly resembling the bowl of that useful domestic article. Clumsy it appears, and certainly it resembles no living thing, but effective enough it is, and many a good fish has been basketed through its means. From the variety of the recognised methods of capturing the pike, an angler need never be at a loss; should one device fail, he can resort to another, and, unless under very unfavourable circumstances indeed, he will find his perseverance rewarded with success.

There is something exhilarating to the feelings in starting on

a fine frosty December morning for the purpose of a day's pike-fishing. The rod and tackle have been carefully looked at overnight, the grass crackles beneath his feet as the angler makes his way to the river-side, and the sun rises bright and clear, giving an assurance of a fine day, while the smoke from the cottage chimneys ascends perpendicularly, for luckily there is no wind. As the stream is approached, the heron, disturbed in the process of digestion of his night's meal, and no doubt cursing the hard fate which compels him to quit his resting-place, flaps his huge wings, and, after lumbering along for some distance within a few feet of the earth, at last gets fairly under way, and succeeds in gaining the upper air. The snipe darts upwards from the rushes, twisting and turning until he has gone a few hundred yards, when he folds his wings, and suddenly drops down again on another portion of the marsh; the green-necked mallard, or the humbler and more sober teal, is seen either resting on the water or skimming the air. Any or all of these may be met with, and occasionally some of the rarer visitors to our shores. Should the angler be a naturalist, as he ought to be, he will find numberless opportunities of acquiring information in the study of the habits of the various birds and animals met with in the course of a day's ramble. All this materially contributes to the pleasure derived from his sport. The water-side being reached, the business of the day commences. After some cogitation, and a survey of the *locus in quo*, the water being deep, and with sufficient current, a live bait is put on. Away it goes, carried downwards by the current, coasting a bed of half-decayed rushes until opposite an opening in the weeds, when a sudden jerk is seen, the float remains stationary for a moment, then disappears, and the line rapidly runs out. As soon as the fish has arrived at a place which he considers suitable for his banqueting-room, the motion of the line ceases; he is then intent upon swallowing his prey. Now the angler has a *mauvais quart d'heure*. Will the fish gorge the bait, or will he be suspicious of the attendant line, and drop it? The agony of expectation is intense. If in a few minutes the line begins to move, a thrill of joy and of anxiety relieved fills the angler's breast. He winds up the slack, and by a firm and decided stroke hooks the fish. Then comes the tug of war: all the expedients we have mentioned are brought into exercise by the captive; but if securely hooked, and if the angler be moderately skilful, the fish is doomed.

A word, in conclusion, as to the cooking of the pike. When stuffed with herbs, and baked or roasted, it forms a dish not to be despised, especially if it has been taken from clear running water; cooked in any other way, however, it is insipid and watery to all except the angler himself. He eats and enjoys his victim as though it were the daintiest culinary success; and between each mouthful he recounts to sympathizing ears the events attending its capture. At such a time let the *placens uxor* try also to eat and to listen. Truth spoken out of season is offensive; and "My dear, I think it very nasty," from an injudicious wife might peril all future connubial happiness.

THE WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

IT is fortunate that we English can congratulate ourselves on our proficiency in at least one branch of art—our water-colours. The only pity is that the public do not understand that in purchasing water-colours they would be doing the nation a service. It is of the greatest importance that a branch of art in which we have a chance of making some reputation should not be allowed to languish for want of pecuniary support. Yet most people have an odd prejudice against water-colour pictures, probably derived from a recollection of their own juvenile efforts in that direction. They remember their elaborately-coloured prints of Kemble as Richard III., and, later on, the rather indefinite landscapes in which the green outline of the trees was apt to run liquidly into the smeared blue of the skies. Indeed, the typical water-colour drawing which appears in young ladies' albums, in clergymen's portfolios, and on the walls of a good many houses, is enough to bring all water-colours under the contempt and aversion of the inexperienced and cautious picture-fancier who likes to purchase safe things. Nor are the best of our exhibitions free from blame in this matter. Not to speak of the Royal Academy, which hustles water-colours into an ante-room and admits specimens sufficient to drive a carefully-coached connoisseur distracted, the ordinary water-colour exhibitions are not sufficiently particular about what they hang on their walls. Crude fragments, hasty sketches, and glaring absurdities are admitted in considerable numbers. It will be said, of course, that the same is done in exhibitions of paintings in oil; but the cases are not parallel. A daub in oil invariably looks more respectable than a daub in water-colour. You cannot be quite

so scrappy in oil as you can in water-colour; for, at least, you must hide the colour of the ground on which you work. By some such means a water-colour drawing has come to be regarded by many as a weak, inept, often scratchy, and always unsatisfactory performance, whereas the fact is that of late years water-colour painting has attained to a singular richness and purity of effect, to a marvellous variety of subject and treatment, and to a general manipulative excellence which shows the earnest striving and diligence of the men engaged in it.

The present exhibition by members of the Society of Painters in Water Colours is, on the whole, a satisfactory one. While there are on the walls a considerable proportion of those commonplace and conventional studies which inevitably form part of such an exhibition, there are, on the other hand, a goodly number of really first-class pictures, novel in subject and treatment, bold in conception, and vigorous and pure in colour. We can at present only glance at a few of the more prominent pictures which catch one's eye in a hasty glance round the room. One of these is certainly the animated, coarse, confused, powerful picture by John Gilbert, entitled "Artillery Retreating," in which a number of horse-artillery are dragging cannon up and over some rugged ground. The picture has much of the splendid action which Rubens loved to draw; and it is less obviously studied and theatrical than most of Mr. Gilbert's pictures. Mr. A. P. Newton sends several small studies—one a charming little picture of a loch surrounded with hill and cloud. It is called "Nature's Day-dream," and represents one of those intensely white, colourless days in which the strength of light seems to rarely and render transparent the dense masses of island, water, and mountain. "The Golden Moment," by the same artist, is a clever sunset effect; but the picture entitled "Nature's Rest," a moonlight scene, is surprisingly bald and commonplace. There is a very fine landscape, "Moonrise Study on the Thames," by J. J. Jenkins, in which the night-mist is just gathering over the sedges, and the fields, and the broad surface of the stream, on which a couple of water-hens are paddling about. The tone of the picture is remarkably true and effective. The same may be said of "A Gleam of March Sunshine," by C. Branwhite. The "Decline of Day," by the same artist, is an admirable sunset. There are few good sea-pieces in the exhibition; perhaps the best bit of water is that in "The Ebb Tide," by Mr. G. H. Andrews. Mr. Birket Foster sends a couple of charming sketches of some hay and timber, which are remarkably delicate and fine in colour. Mr. C. Davidson's "Haymaking—Sunset," is also clever. Mr. T. R. Lamont's "Three Illustrations to the Ballad of 'Bonny Kilmeny,'" is a picture which pleases one in a rather inexplicable manner. It is divided into three panels, the first showing how,—

"Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen,
But it wasna to meet Dunsair's men;"

the second representing the return of Kilmeny, "late, late, in the gloaming;" and the third, her final disappearance. The first panel is weak; but the second, showing the ruddy glow of the interior of the cottage, the open door, and the pale glamour of the moonlight on the girl's figure, has a certain weirdness of colouring which is singularly effective. The spectral light that hovers around the girl, and the ghostly want of expression on the strange features, make up for much that is obviously lacking in the picture. Mr. J. D. Watson's "Bringing Home the Maypole," is a design for mural decoration, which, considering its limits, and object, is full of fine action. The same artist sends a number of excellent pictures, among which "Sketches for parts of a Composition" and "Waiting for the Boat" may be mentioned. There is a fine and powerful sketch of a Spanish soldier, by E. Lundgren, full of character and strength of colour. Some studies of otter-hounds, by Mr. F. Tayler, are very clever; and among Mr. Gilbert's varied contributions that entitled "The Halt" is remarkable for its picturesque and effective treatment. There are many other noteworthy pictures which we cannot even name. Altogether the exhibition is one of which the Society has reason to be proud.

MR. SAMUEL LUCAS, a gentleman well known in what may be called the inner life of literature, died at Eastbourne on Friday last. Mr. Lucas was at one time a contributor to the *Times* newspaper, and, later on, the projector and editor of the *Shilling Magazine*. He had a most extensive circle of journalistic friends, and he was universally respected and liked for his kindness and courtesy. Some of his articles contributed to the *Times* were reprinted, with the titles of "Popular Men and Books" and "Mornings of the Recess."

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE General Election is nearly over, and the result is such as to astonish the most ardent supporters of the Liberal party. The destruction of the Church of Ireland as an Establishment was likely to be most unpopular with Churchmen throughout the kingdom. The Conservatives went to the country with every advantage in their favour. They appealed to fanaticism in England and Orangeism in Ireland through the cry of "No Popery," enlisting in their cause the unsavoury Murphy. They raised the cry of "The Church of England in danger" from every pulpit they could command throughout the land, and pathetically entreated every Churchman to rally round his old Church and his old Constitution. They begged Dissenters to pause before assisting Mr. Gladstone in his nefarious project of destroying the Church of England and putting in its place the Church of Rome. Every passion and every prejudice that was believed to exist in an Englishman's bosom was appealed to—and appealed to in vain. It would have been a glorious triumph for the Liberal party had they only maintained their former ascendancy. But they have increased it. There is a Liberal majority of at least 110, and every Liberal member goes to the House pledged to support the policy of Mr. Gladstone on the Irish Church question. In the face of such a result, arrived at under the most unfavourable circumstances to the Liberals, what has Conservatism to hope for? It has had such a chance as it will never have again, and it has been hopelessly beaten. There was, then, nothing for the Government to do but to bury itself out of sight, wrapped up in such few rags of dignity as may be left to it.

M. BERRYER closed a distinguished career by an act specially significant of his indomitable protestations against Caesarism. He was one of the first to come forward and protest against the Government prosecution of the contributors to the Baudin memorial, and those prosecutions had scarce been concluded when the great advocate died. Berryer was all his life a consistent disbeliever in the Napoleons, although he was wise enough to cease from any undignified agitation in favour of his views when the chances of promoting them successfully had disappeared. He was in this country in 1864, the guest of Lord Brougham, whom he resembled in many particulars, with the reservation that he laid no claim to the cyclopædic knowledge and supreme dogmatism of the latter. The daily papers give the details of his career in the usual necrographical style.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Star* sends over a note on the manners of the Duchesses with whom his fellow-craftsman of the *Daily Telegraph* enjoys so agreeable an intimacy, which must render the latter jealous of the special information. We are informed that the man-milliner whom the grand dames employ to make their clothes and figures is giving a series of splendid entertainments to his patrons. "Last Sunday," we are told, "this gentleman, in a shooting-dress copied from the official costume of the Master of his Majesty's hounds, the Prince of Moskowa, and attended by six footmen and all the pomp of powdered wigs, silk stockings, and gorgeous livery, received at tea, at five o'clock, a distinguished party of duchesses, marquises, and countesses whose historic names are amongst the best known in the great world of this capital." The taste for china monsters and pug dogs which once prevailed in England takes the more characteristic direction of a fancy for man-milliners in France. It may be noted here that "our own correspondent" of the *Telegraph* in Paris is getting too closely acquainted, not only with the manners of the aristocracy, but with those of that other division of society which he delights in calling the *demi-monde*. Why doesn't he keep this sort of information to himself? Or is it possible that his employers, who encourage the earliest jubulations on the season of holy Christmas in one quarter of their journal, provoke the vivacious paragraphist on the other side of the broadsheet to record the triumphs, the fashion, and the style of gay women?

FINLEN has been figuring in Hyde Park, but without the least encouragement, even from the ragamuffins who are usually said to be at his heels. He commenced abusing the papers fiercely. The contributors to the *Telegraph* "were to his knowledge a set of whisky-washed rascals." The *Times* and the *Star* were condemned in violent terms, but the *Standard*, strange to say, was made the victim of Mr. Finlen's unqualified admiration. What could our respectable contemporary have

done to deserve so foul a notice? It is gratifying to read that Mr. Finlen was hooted, both for his abuse, his admiration, and his sentiments generally, and we shall doubtless hear no more of him.

WE read in the Irish papers an account of a case of breach of promise in which a lady was the defendant. It appeared that the plaintiff, after the usual pledges of eternal affection, went to America to make his fortune, and on his return found that his Miss Smith had become a Mrs. Rowland. The plaintiff averred that he had sold a farm in Columbia and suffered loss from his anxiety to fulfil his engagement, and the jury found a verdict for him for £200. The moral of this case has only a limited application. Gentlemen who expect a lady's affection to survive a long residence in America should not be compensated for their ignorance of human nature.

THERE is joy among the jobbers of the Stock Exchange. The decision of the Court of Common Pleas, in the case of *Grissel v. Bristowe*, which fixed the jobbers with the calls on shares sold to them, has been reversed on appeal. No doubt it would be hard on the jobbers to fix them with the calls in spite of the rules of the Stock Exchange, but it is still more hard on the public, who have sold their shares to these jobbers, to be made to pay the loss. The plaintiff will probably appeal from the decision of the Court of Exchequer Chamber.

AUSTRALIA is going through that stage of civilization in which mail-coaches are robbed on the highways, and we have no doubt that the colonists will shortly be furnished with the class of novelists who turn such performances into books. The narrative which reaches us of the gutting of the mail between Gympie and Mayborough exactly resembles the accounts of the doings of Claude Duval, or the Golden Farmer, including the little touches of chivalry towards the ladies. Meanwhile our ruffians at home are becoming as vulgar and as prosaic as possible under the management of the new police. They select the oldest gentlemen for knocking down, and are using chloroform as well as bludgeons. Some time since Mr. Dickens wrote a paper, on which we commented, referring to the perils "of that part of the Abruzzi which abuts upon the Waterloo-road," and this week the truth of his observations was verified by the fact of a person being garrotted and plundered in that locality. The *Times* intimates that the police do not so much care for preventing these outrages as for catching the perpetrators in the act. This is inconvenient for the third party in the transaction—namely, the citizen who is being experimented upon.

It is really agreeable to us to read, side by side with the accounts of garotte robberies, narratives of the use of the cat in punishing a few of the ruffians. This week William Fure and Charles Pain, who had been convicted of a horrible assault, were flogged at Newgate. The fellows received forty stripes each, and, although the executioner brought down the thong on their backs with a wholesome and a nervous unction, the culprits bore the blows without a shriek.

THE Bishop of Madras has been writing on church ornaments to his flock, and seems to be in favour of a little mild Ritualism, going as far as candles, gold lace, monograms, and stained glass. He also recommends in a church "two chairs for the north and south end of the Lord's table."

ON Thursday, at their annual meeting the directors of the Bank of England raised the minimum rate of discount to 3 per cent. Consols are at 92½ to 92¾ for cash, and 92½ to 92¾ for the account. The business in the railway market has been very active, and prices have greatly fluctuated. Foreign securities have been depressed. Colonial Government securities continue steady. In Bank shares the little business recorded has been at steady prices. Mining shares are quiet. Miscellaneous inactive. The biddings for £200,000 in bills on Calcutta and Madras were held on Wednesday at the Bank of England. The whole amount was allotted to Calcutta, and the minimum price was fixed at 1s. 11d. on both Presidencies, a rise of 2 per cent. Tenders at 1s. 11½d. will receive about 80 per cent. At a general court of the proprietors of the Bank of England, held on Wednesday at the Bank, Mr. George Lyall was elected as a director for the remainder of the year, in the room of the late Mr. Sheffield Neave, without opposition. The Anglo-Austrian Bank, in Vienna, publish the following relative

to the recently closed subscription for the bonds of the Lemberg-Ozernowitz-Jassy Railway:—The number of bonds to be issued was 26,000, to the amount of 7,800,000 florins, and the number subscribed for was 622,820, representing a value of 186,846,000 florins; consequently the applicants would only be able to receive 4 per cent. of their applications.

At the annual meeting of the Scottish Union Insurance Company at Edinburgh, the new life-policies for the past year were stated to have been 884, insuring £478,347, and yielding in new premiums £13,367. The results of the fire business have been satisfactory, a considerable surplus having been derived from that account. The invested funds now exceed £1,045,000. At a meeting of the Liverpool Cotton Exchange Company it was resolved to issue 3,000 new shares, at a premium of £3 each, rateably among the proprietors. The report of the directors of the Gresham Life Office for eleven months ending the 30th June last, was presented to the shareholders at their twentieth annual meeting. The report stated that 3,693 policies had been issued during the eleven months, for assuring £1,438,148; that the new premiums were £41,422. 15s. 3d.; and that the income has now increased to £320,000 per annum.

THE Bank of British North America has issued a report for the past half-year. Notwithstanding some failures in Canada, the directors state that the business of the bank throughout the colonies is in a sound and satisfactory condition. The usual half-yearly dividend has been declared at the rate of 6 per cent., payable on the 5th January next. An extraordinary general meeting of the Anglo-Egyptian Banking Company (Limited) is convened for the 8th December, to confirm the resolution passed on the 19th September, for enabling the company to issue share warrants to bearer in exchange for nominative shares at the option of the proprietor. The dividend of the London Chartered Bank of Australia for the past six months will be 4 per cent., £5,000 being carried to the reserve, and £11,885 to the next account. The report of the National Bank of Australasia, dated Melbourne, 12th October last, states that there is a balance of £45,714 for the half-year, and recommends the payment of a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent., and a bonus of 1s. per share, which is equivalent to 2½ per cent. per annum. A meeting has been held at Paris of the Immobilière Company. The losses are stated to amount to £4,520,000, being an excess of £1,320,000 over capital. The union of the Crédit Mobilier and the Immobilière Companies has been recommended by the directors, but no vote has been taken.

MEMORANDA.

THE new Globe Theatre has opened with a smartly-written comedy by Mr. H. J. Byron, entitled "Cyril's Success." The plot of the piece cannot be called new, seeing that it turns on the incident of a jealous wife leaving her husband's house on reading a letter which she wrongly supposes to be written to him by some other woman. Indeed, the whole story of the comedy is weak, and its conclusion absurd; but it abounds with bright and pungent epigrams that keep the audience in constant good humour and occasionally provoke a hearty outburst of applause. The *dramatis personæ* are chiefly journalists, dramatic writers, and managers, and a few club-men. The acting of the piece, excepting that of Mr. J. Clarke and Miss Maggie Brennan, is not remarkable. The comedy is preceded by the venerable and always-welcome little piece "Good for Nothing."

The new drama, "Pietra," with Miss Bateman as the heroine, will be produced at the Haymarket on Monday night.

We have received the following letter from Miss Faithfull:—"To the editor of the LONDON REVIEW. Sir,—By some strange oversight I never saw a paragraph in your issue of the 31st of October until it was quoted elsewhere, connecting my name with the Ladies' Secular Club. Permit me to ask you to do me the justice of contradicting the same, as I have no connection whatever with the club in question, and such a statement in a paper of the weight and character of the LONDON REVIEW is likely to do me great harm. Yours very truly, EMILY FAITHFULL." The paragraph in question was compiled from some announcements of meetings which appeared in the *National Reformer*. Of course, Miss Faithfull's contradiction of the report settles the matter.

We recently commented on the fact of an insignificant trade-journal having taken advantage of its obscurity to publish a disgraceful letter referring to the domestic concerns of Madame Arabella Goddard and her husband, Mr. Davison. The *Orchestra*, the journal in question, professes itself unable to understand the grammar of the paragraph in which we protested against this outrage on journalistic decency. Of course, it is impossible to feel surprised at the *Orchestra* being unable to understand anything; and we can only hope our cheerfully obtuse contemporary will first

apologize to Madame Goddard, and then make up its—well, yes, its mind—to buy a copy of Lindley Murray.

Yet another clerical paper is about to appear. It is to be called *The Church: an Anglican Newspaper*, and the price will be one penny. The prospectus states that it is to be established "with the view of supplying a temperate and orthodox journal at a price which shall not exclude it from general circulation." It is to be very Apostolic in its principles, will be opposed alike to Roman and Puritan innovations, is to accommodate itself to the theological standard of "the Elizabethan and Caroline eras," and yet will not be blind to the special requirements of our own generation." The paper will be printed at an office already associated with many clerical periodicals, and at which several female compositors are employed.

We hear, on the authority of the *Leader*, that Mr. Lever is the accredited author of "Paul Gosslett's Confessions," recently reviewed in our columns.

London is not the only place which has been seized with a mania for new theatres. Glasgow, which for a long time only managed to support one theatre, has now three, and all apparently fairly patronized. The most recently opened house is the Colosseum, which is remarkable for its construction and perfect appointments. It has been erected by Mr. J. S. Baylis at a cost of nearly £30,000. The "auditorium" is arranged with more care for the convenience and comfort of the spectators than is usual, and the decorations are light and tasteful. The greatest novelty, however, in the new theatre is the unusual space underneath the stage—a depth of thirty feet hewn out of rock. This large space gives greater opportunities for those stage-effects on which modern dramas must rely; and so filled is it with elaborate apparatus that it looks more like an engineer's workshop than the underground of a stage. The establishment employs constantly about one hundred and seventy persons altogether.

It is understood that one of the first applications to the new Parliament will be for leave to bring in a Bill transforming the present "proprietors" of shares in University College, London, into governors, and also enlarging the objects of the college so as to include the promotion of the fine arts.

The Society of Arts will hold two meetings next week. On Monday Mr. W. H. Perkin will read a paper "On Aniline or Coal Tar Colours"; and on Wednesday Mr. C. Tomlinson, F.R.S., will read a paper "On the Drying Properties of various kinds of House Paint."

The Victoria Institute, or Philosophical Society of Great Britain, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, will hold its next ordinary meeting on Monday next, at eight p.m. There will be a paper read on "Ethical Philosophy, and its Relations to Science and Revelation," by the Rev. W. W. English, M.A., Rector of Great Wollaston.

The next evening meeting of the Geological Society will be held on December 9, when the following communications will be read:—1. "Notes of a Geological Reconnaissance in Arabia Petrea," by H. Bauerman, Esq., F.G.S. 2. "On the Occurrence of Sulphate of Strontia (Celestine) in the Tertiary Rocks of Egypt," by H. Bauerman, Esq., F.R.S. 3. "On the Basalt Dykes of the Mainland of India, &c.," by G. T. Clark, Esq., F.G.S. 4. "On the Existence during the Quaternary Period of a Glacier of the Second Order, occupying the 'Cirque' of the Valley of Palhéres in the Western Part of the Granitic 'Massif' of the Lozère," by Dr. C. Martins, For. Corr. G.S.

At the last meeting of the Zoological Society of London, Dr. Edward Hamilton, V.P., in the chair, the secretary called the attention of the meeting to the recent additions to the society's menagerie, amongst which were (1) a female Aurochs, received in exchange from the Zoological Gardens, Amsterdam; (2) a Macaque, deposited by Major C. Richards, of the Bengal Staff Corps, and believed to be the *Macacus Assamensis* of McClelland; (3) a pair of the White American Crane (*Grus Americana*). The next meeting of the society will be held at the society's house in Hanover-square, on Thursday, the 10th December.

The Institution of Civil Engineers held a meeting on Tuesday evening last, Charles Hutton Gregory, Esq., President, in the chair. The paper read was "Description of the River Witham and its Estuary, and of the various Works carried out in connection therewith, for the Drainage of the Fens, and the Improvement of the Navigation," by Mr. W. H. Wheeler, M.Inst.C.E. It was stated that the Witham was originally a tidal river, navigable by ships of considerable size as far as Lincoln, a distance of nearly forty miles from the estuary. It was this portion of its course, from Lincoln to the outfall, flowing through a low fenny tract of land, and on which the skill of the engineer had been employed to make it subservient to the purposes of drainage, that formed the subject of this communication. The system of parallel training walls, constructed of faggots, clay, and chalk, had been adopted to a great extent for the Fen rivers, and had been found to answer better than any other plan. The manner in which these training walls had been carried out on the rivers Welland and Witham was described. In conclusion, the general results of the inclosure of the Fens were briefly reviewed; and it was observed that the appearance and prosperity of this large tract of land, equal in extent to many counties, when contrasted with what it was a century ago, was a striking proof of the ingenuity and industry of man, and reflected the highest credit on the skill of the engineer, and the enterprise of the people. It was announced that the discussion upon Mr. Wheeler's paper, which had been commenced, would be resumed at the next meeting, Tuesday, December 8th.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

ROBERT BROWNING'S NEW POEM.*

THAT is a bad work of art the whole merits of which are at once obvious to you. So say Lessing, Goethe, Ruskin—indeed, all the great critics who have dwelt introspectively on the principles of their art. When you are instantly pleased with a poem, or a picture, or a piece of sculpture—when diligent and faithful study reveals no beauties previously undreamed of—when you know at the first glance *why* you have been pleased, the work of art before you is a work of mediocrity, or of imitation, or of meretricious make-believe. In the very nature of things, it must be so. If the poet or painter only tells us things which we knew before, with which we were familiar, of what avail is he? He may embody wholesome morality in didactic verse, like Martin Tupper, or he may paint pretty landscapes for furniture purposes, like the Boddingtons and Williamsses, but he cannot produce a true work of art. Who ever dreamed of returning to Mr. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," which many people regard as an incomparable lyric, in order to detect its hidden meanings? Its intention lies on the surface. The moment you have read it, you understand its entire scope. You cannot look to it for even those feminine sweetnesses of diction with which Mr. Tennyson sometimes encrusts lines which are nearly as obvious and commonplace. On the other hand, who ever comprehended the marvellous beauty, the innumerable meanings, and fine emotion of "Maud" on the first reading? A true poem has what botanists call an involute aestivation; and it requires the warm breath of close and loving study to unfold its twisted petals, reveal the perfect flower, and elicit the perfume that was hidden deep down in the bud.

It is somewhat hazardous, therefore, to pronounce off-hand on a new poem by so great and profound a genius as Robert Browning. The intense, vivid clearness with which all the dramatic outlines of a story lie before his practised eye is itself a mist of darkness for many of his readers. The skeleton of the drama is to him so unmistakable, so obvious, that he apparently fancies it necessary only to indicate here and there lines of divergence, suggest points of colour or drapery, and give quaint and powerful reasons for the living peculiarities of a body, the dead mass of which is invisible to his most anxious disciples. The only way to understand such a poem as "James Lee" in the "Dramatis Personæ" is to read it lightly over, go back and reconstruct the story for oneself, and then carefully read what Mr. Browning tells us about the story. He is constantly working out theories without giving us the primary postulates. We have to infer these; and this is a labour hateful to the soul of those who like to run as they read. Hence the cry about Browning's mysticism; and it is a cry, we are firmly convinced, which is regarded as a godsend by hundreds of people, who are glad of an excuse for omitting to read Browning altogether. It is part of a polite education that a man should have read some contemporary poets. Tennyson is an easy and pleasant task; and so one reads Tennyson. But Tupper one may escape, as he is said to be stupid; Swinburne one may escape, because he is said to be sadly immoral; Buchanan one may escape, because he writes of "costermongers and their trulls;" and as for Browning—is it not enough to shrug one's shoulders and say that "some people can understand what he means"? There is generally, however, some slight basis of fact for these windy popular echoes; and there is no doubt at all that Browning is occasionally so fragmentary in his reasonings, so jerky in his indications as to puzzle the most patient of his students. He seems to forget that his reader is not upon the same standpoint as himself. The landscape lies so vividly before him that he contents himself with mentioning that gleam of white, that glow of pink, or the spectral shapes in the clouds overhead. One wants to know whether one is in Switzerland or in Holland, on the banks of a stream or on the side of a mountain.

Was it some late consciousness of this peculiarity of his genius that induced Mr. Browning to lay down the basis of his present poem as clearly as good printer's type could do it? The story which forms the thread on which are strung the various interpretations of a great tragedy is related in terms nearly as sharp and succinct as the title of the book from whence it is borrowed:—

"A Roman murder-case:

Position of the entire criminal cause
Of Guido Franceschini, nobleman,
With certain Four the cutthroats in his pay,

Tried, all five, and found guilty and put to death
By heading or hanging as befitted ranks,
At Rome on February Twenty Two,
Since our salvation Sixteen Ninety Eight:
Wherein it is disputed if, and when,
Husbands may kill adulterous wives, yet 'scape
The customary forfeit."

The particulars of this trial for murder are simply these—Guido Franceschini, a poor nobleman, disappointed of receiving preferment at Rome, retires into the country, taking with him as wife a young girl, the supposed daughter of two aged people of the middle class. The parents give up their house and go to live with their son-in-law. Shortly thereafter they leave the Count Guido's house, and return to Rome, where the mother makes open confession that she has deceived her husband and her son-in-law. Pompilia, the heroine, is not the daughter of the old woman, Violante, but of some wretched woman from whom Violante had purchased her infant. Count Guido comes forward and protests against this confession as a lie invented to cheat him out of his bride's dowry. The courts rule that Violante has spoken the truth; but that the Count shall keep his wife's dowry. After a certain time Pompilia flies from her husband's home, in company with a young priest. They are overtaken by the husband when near Rome, and the priest is found to be armed with a sword, which he offers to use in defence of the young wife. The husband, however, calls in the aid of the police, and the case is again shifted to the public courts. The husband's statement of the case is obvious. The wife's is that, tortured beyond endurance, she resolved to fly, and accepted the only protection she could gain—that of the priest. The husband shows love-letters written by his wife to the priest; the defence is that these must be forgeries, since the poorly educated Pompilia cannot write at all. The court adjudges that Pompilia's statement is (like a great many things which actually happen around us)

"Difficult to believe, yet possible,"

and ordains that, whoever may be in the wrong, Pompilia shall go in the meanwhile to a convent, the young priest be relegated for a few months to Civita, the husband be requested to return home. Some time after, Pompilia petitions to be allowed to go to the house of the old couple whom she once regarded as her parents; and in their house she is delivered of a child. The Count Guido, and four ruffians, gain access to the house, and murder the young wife and the two old people. Then ensues the trial for murder, the Count resting his defence on his wife's alleged adultery. The court refuse to accept the defence, find him and his companions guilty of murder, and the five are accordingly executed.

Such is a brief epitome of the tragic and mysterious story which Mr. Browning now proceeds to expand. But his aim is not to give any single version of his own—to say how the narrative strikes him—to decide which party in the trial was in the right, and so enlist our sympathies for the outraged and indignant husband, or for the outraged and innocent girl-wife. He gives, indeed, a series of dramatic representations of the tragedy as it appears to different people, and while they brighten up this point with vague surmise, or elucidate that mystery with the keen insight of sympathetic emotion, they also give us a picture at the same time of themselves and of their notions of human circumstance. It is as if we could at the same time look over a landscape and regard the pictures which it produces on the canvasses of various artists. Here is his own view of the case:—

"A novel country: I might make it mine
By choosing which one aspect of the year
Suited mood best, and putting solely that
On panel somewhere in the House of Fame,
Landscaping what I saved, not what I saw:
—Might fix you, whether frost in goblin-time
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
She fell, arms wide, face foremost on the world,
Swooned there and so singed out the strength of things.
Thus were abolished Spring and Autumn both,
The land dwarfed to one likeness of the land,
Life cramped corpse-fashion. Rather learn and love
Each facet-flash of the revolving year!—
Red, green, and blue that whirl into a white,
The variance now, the eventual unity,
Which make the miracle."

In the present volume, which is only one of a series of four, we are told in the first place what "Half-Rome" says of the marriage and murder of the young girl, and, in the second, what "The Other Half-Rome" says. Half-Rome sides with the husband; imagines dreadful things about the girl's doings; represents her putative mother to be a miracle of treachery,

* The Ring and the Book. By Robert Browning. In Four Vols. Vol. I. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

cunning, meanness, and duplicity. She first dupes her husband, and then sells the produce of her imposture to Count Guido, in order that they may all sit at a nobleman's board. She is enraged because the Count does not allow them unlimited luxury, leaves the house with her husband, and, indeed, prompts her supposed daughter to the wickedness which follows. Pompilia is an abandoned creature, repaying unusual generosity with unexampled ingratitude. But the other half of Rome is full of pity for the girl who lies dying of the cruel wounds. It talks of the cowardly and brutal husband who schemed to get the dowry, who was then only desirous to get his young wife out of the house, who laid traps for her, who forged letters addressed to the priest, who so ill-used her that she had to fly, and who, when all his schemes of malice were like to fall through, was so carried away by rage that he hired four ruffians to murder his wife and the old people who had confided her to his charge. The marvellous dramatic faculty of Mr. Browning has never been better exhibited than in these divers versions of the same story. Both of them are logical, consistent, and apparently necessary theories, and yet they are diametrically opposed. Every reader of the book will, of course, elect to stand with "the other half-Rome," which says, as the murdered wife lies in the hospital,—

"Another day that finds her living yet,
Little Pompilia, with the patient brow
And lamentable smile on those poor lips,
And, under the white hospital-array,
A flower-like body, to frighten at a bruise
You'd think, yet now, stabbed through and through again,
Alive i' the ruins. 'T is a miracle.
It seems that, when her husband struck her first,
She prayed Madonna just that she might live
So long as to confess and be absolved;
And whether it was that, all her sad life long,
Never before successful in a prayer,
This prayer rose with authority too dread,—
Or whether, because earth was hell to her,
By compensation, when the blackness broke
She got one glimpse of quiet and the cool blue,
To show her for a moment such things were,—
Or else,—as the Augustinian Brother thinks,
The friar who took confession from her lip,—
When a probationary soul that moves
From nobleness to nobleness, as she,
Over the rough way of the world, succumbs,
Bloodies its last thorn with unflinching foot,
The angels love to do their work betimes,
Staunch some wounds here nor leave so much for God."

"Half-Rome" will gain little credence for its narrow and spiteful representation of the case, consistent and reasonable as that is, even were it denuded of its narrow self-sufficiency, censoriousness, suspicion, and Cockneyism. The reader may ask how the vilest of Roman citizens could possibly be guilty of Cockneyism; but does not Mr. Browning, perhaps using the handiest form of indicating the social grade and training of one of his Roman citizens, make the man say—

"Beside I'm useful at explaining things—
As how the dagger laid there at the feet," &c.?

We have heard incidentally that, in the remaining three volumes of the poem, Mr. Browning will make the respective characters in the drama give their own version of the story; that so the wheel of various colours may be completed, and the white light of truth be obtained from its blended tints.

In the meanwhile, what is to be said of this first section of "The Ring and the Book"? Perilous as a hasty judgment must always be, we are confident that the general voice of criticism will say that Mr. Browning has never written, except, perhaps, in the first episode of "Pippa Passes," with finer dramatic power than he evinces in this volume. The sharp cross-lights that he sheds upon his characters, the vivid, shaft-like indications with which he touches off incidents and local accessories, the wonderful insight he shows into certain mental moods are here, as of old, in all their unequalled power. There is not an atom of mysticism in the volume. In the white heat of passion there was no room for intellectual subtleties; and the story of Pompilia stands out clear and naked as a Greek statue, against a lurid background of tragic pain and wrong. For behind all the passionate poetry of the lines there lies the unsolved problem of human suffering; and it is only here and there that a brief word is spoken as to how these terrible things were allowed to be. When the garrulous half of Rome asks itself what harm there was in Violante taking up the child of this castaway and nursing it as her own, the answer lies in the tragic results:—

"This fragile egg, some careless wild bird dropped,
She had picked from where it waited the foot-fall,
And put in her own breast till forth broke finch

Able to sing God praise on mornings now.
What so excessive harm was done?—she asked.
To which demand the dreadful answer comes—
For that same deed, now at Lorenzo's church,
Both agents, conscious and unconscious, lie;
While she, the deed was done to benefit,
Lies also, the most lamentable of things,
Yonder where curious people count her breaths,
Calculate how long yet the little life
Unspilt may serve their turn nor spoil the show,
Give them their story, then the church its group."

We cannot dwell at present on the minuter poetical graces which adorn these pages. Mr. Browning was never a lapidary poet; and yet there are passages in "The Ring and the Book" which have a wonderful delicacy of structure and epithet, and music which no laborious polishing of syllables could possibly give. With one of these passages we close this hasty announcement of a book which may find more extended criticism, at some future time, in these columns:—

"O lyric love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire—
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face—
Yet human as the red-ripe of the heart—
When the first summons from the darkling earth
Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched their blue,
And barred them of the glory—to drop down,
To toil for man, to suffer or to die,—
This is the same voice: can thy soul know change?
Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help!
Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be; some interchange
Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile:
—Never conclude, but raising hand and head
Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn
For all hope, all sustenance, all reward,
Their utmost up and on,—so blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud,
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall!"

AUDUBON'S LIFE.*

Most people whose youth has been passed in the country have a taste for natural history. As boys, they made collections of birds' eggs; or, as girls, they hunted butterflies along the sunny hedgerows. To the end of their days they will remember the excitement and elation which attended the capture of a rare specimen, and the calm joy of the winter evenings spent in arranging and classifying the summer spoils. To these the life of Audubon will have a great interest, although there is less of his experience as a collector than we could have wished. Audubon's grandfather was a poor fisherman at Sable d'Olonne, in La Vendée—Audubon's father being his twentieth child. As may be imagined, the father had to make his own way in the world, and at twelve years of age, being provided with a shirt, a dress of warm clothing, and the old man's blessing, he set out to seek his fortune. A very successful man the father seems to have been; accumulating property by a life of restless adventure, he at last returned to France and retired to an estate he had purchased on the Loire. Audubon himself was born in Louisiana, and his early recollections of American life, together with the adventurous spirit inherited from his father, controlled the whole of his future career. As a boy, he neglected his studies for birdnesting, and, as a youth, mathematics were given up to make a collection of sketches of French birds, until his father, in despair, sent him to America to look after an estate at Millgrove on the Perkiominy Creek. Here he had an opportunity of indulging his tastes, and it was here that the first idea of his great work on American Ornithology was formed. Here, too, he married. After his marriage he tried his hand at trade, and seems to have kept a wandering store. All his commercial ventures, however, failed—probably because he was usually hunting in the forest when he ought to have been attending to his business, until he was driven to his pencil and to portrait-painting for his daily bread. During this time he was busily engaged making his collections and drawings of American birds, his wife supporting herself and their children by her own exertions. Audubon at last turned dancing-master, and he thus narrates the experiences of his first evening's lesson:—

* The Life and Adventures of John James Audubon, the Naturalist. Edited, from Materials supplied by his Widow, by Robert Buchanan. London: Sampson Low & Co.

"I went to begin my duties, dressed myself at the hotel, and with my fiddle under my arm entered the ball-room. I found my music highly appreciated, and immediately commenced proceedings. I placed all the gentlemen in a line reaching across the hall, thinking to give the young ladies time to compose themselves and get ready when they were called. How I toiled before I could get one graceful step or motion! I broke my bow and nearly my violin in my excitement and impatience! The gentlemen were soon fatigued. The ladies were next placed in the same order, and made to walk the steps; and then came the trial for both parties to proceed at the same time, while I pushed one here and another there, and was all the while singing myself, to assist their movements. Many of the parents were present, and were delighted. After this first lesson was over, I was requested to dance to my own music, which I did until the whole room came down in thunders of applause in clapping of hands and shouting, which put an end to my first lesson and to an amusing comedy."

With 2,000 dollars, the result of the dancing-lessons, and with his wife's savings, he started for England to obtain subscribers for his intended book.

Arrived at Liverpool, Audubon opened an exhibition of his drawings, charging 1s. admission, and was tolerably successful. Thence he went to Manchester, where his exhibition did not draw, and thence to Edinburgh. He makes the following observations on the country and the people of Scotland:—

"Was struck with the bleak appearance of the country. The Scottish shepherds looked like the poor mean whites of the Slave-states. The coachmen have a mean practice of asking money from the passengers after every stage. . . . The lower class of women (fishwives) resemble the squaws of the West. Their rolling gait, inturnd toes, and manner of carrying burdens on their backs, is exactly that of the Shawnee women. Their complexions are either fair, purple, or brown as a mulatto."

The account of Audubon's struggles in England is the most interesting part of the book. He tells how he painted all day and walked about the streets in the evening disposing of his pictures at the various shops for any price the dealers would give for them, employing every penny he could save to meet the expenses of the engravers and colourers. At one time he had borrowed £5 for materials for the pictures, when the engraver called to say he must have £60 the next Saturday. Fortune favoured Audubon, for Sir Thomas Lawrence sold several pictures for him, and so he says he passed the Rubicon. From England Audubon went to Paris, and was introduced to Baron Cuvier. The following description of the Baron is characteristic of a naturalist:—

"I looked at him, and here follows the result:—Age, about sixty-five; size, corpulent, five feet and five, English measure; head large, face wrinkled and brownish; eyes, very brilliant and sparkling; nose, aquiline, large, and red; mouth, large, with good lips; teeth, few, and blunted by age, excepting one on the lower jaw, which was massive, measuring nearly three-quarters of an inch square."

In England Audubon was very successful in obtaining subscribers. In France he was less so; but with indomitable energy and perseverance he worked until success was assured, when he started to return to America for more specimens. He appears to have remarked repeatedly in his journals on the inhumanity and folly of the wholesale destruction of sea-birds and their eggs in America. We, in this country, are not free from gangs of ruffians who think it sport to visit the breeding-places of the sea-fowl, and shoot the old birds, leaving unnumbered newly-hatched young ones to starve. During the breeding-season, all birds are comparatively tame, and seem in a great degree to lose their fear of man. This is, of course, the time most suited to silly Cockneys, who would have no chance of hitting a wild bird on the wing. Of the rest of Audubon's life there is little to be said. He died in 1851, his mind having failed him for many years before his death.

The present volume has been prepared by Mr. Buchanan for the press from a manuscript of great length. Doubtless, a judicious pruning was necessary, but we should have been glad to have seen more of Audubon's disappointments and successes as a hunter and a collector than is given to us here.

DR. CHAPMAN'S REMEDY FOR SEA-SICKNESS.*

ON board a steamboat, in rough weather, we once saw a newly-married couple, one of whom, the lady, was fearfully and wonderfully sick. There was not anything uncommon in the fact, but there was in the manner in which her infatuated husband (a young clergyman), who was evidently, as Michelet phrases it, *avide d'elle*, watched her with eager eyes, even in the paroxysms of her illness. It is curious what love in the

usual sense can do, but the love of science, with the desire to lessen human suffering, can do much also, and Dr. Chapman has been as intent as the young husband upon the phenomena of sea-sickness. "Numerous observations of persons vomiting" (p. 51) have formed a necessary part of his study of the subject, and he rebukes, with felicitous irony, those who will not question nature by both observation and experiment:—

"These pre-eminently 'scientific' physicians will demonstrate in the most approved scientific language that ice applied along the spine cannot possibly affect the spinal cord; and their demonstration is so complete in itself that it needs no confirmation by the simple expedient of applying a spinal ice-bag along the spine of a living man or woman, and noting the results."

Nor is this deeply-interesting pamphlet without its points of humour. Case XIV. inevitably provokes a smile. On the 23rd of May, 1864, Dr. Chapman, being in the tidal train that had left Boulogne for Paris, volunteered to apply the ice-bag to the spine of a gentleman who, having just crossed the Channel, complained of nausea. The doctor took an ice-bag out of his plaid, and placed it along the whole length of the gentleman's back. The latter felt much better, and "begged to be allowed, if possible, to possess himself of the ice-bag. . . . Having obtained my assent, he promised to write to me a report of his further experience in using the bag; but up to the present time this promise remains unfulfilled." Now, even without assuming, what seems probable, that this gentleman carried off one of Dr. Chapman's ice-bags without paying for it, this is melancholy, and if the gentleman is still living, and if this should meet his eye, it is to be hoped for the credit of human nature that he will redeem his four-year-old promise. The following is not bad, in another way:—

"In October, 1867, a gentleman supplied an ice-bag to a lady who was about to go abroad. Recently I wrote to him to inquire whether she used the bag, and if so, with what result. He replied, 'My young lady friend sailed to Santa Martha in South America, and was awfully ill; but the doctor on board advised against trying the ice! Case of donkey!'"

Sydney Smith said that the reason the Jewish religion made so few converts was that the rites of admission began with a surgical operation, and Dr. Chapman seems to have a sufficient idea of the dread most people have of anything cold applied to the exterior skin. A fine lady who will fearlessly swallow an ice to the injury of her digestion will flinch from the idea of a cold bath, as if it were sure to be mortal. Dr. Chapman prudently writes a whole section containing "evidence that ice along the spine is agreeable;" but one of his "cases" appears to show, in a really humorous light, the extreme reluctance people have to anything cold on their bodies. In Case XV., a gentleman, who had promised to apply the ice to his own back and report the effect, called afterwards to say that he had applied it to his wife's back. *Fiat experimentum &c.* But, of course, this may have been an instance of pure self-sacrifice on the husband's part.

To be quite serious, mankind may be afresh divided into two classes—those who are sick at sea and those who are not. And again, they may be divided into those who know what bilious sickness is and those who do not. A third of one's fellow-creatures go through life without having ever been really sick; for that easy emptying of the stomach which occurs, upon casual provocation, to some people is as nothing compared with the suffering endured in sick-headache proper. Even this, however, must, we suppose, sink into insignificance by the side of bad sea-sickness. As far as we can judge, the only pure land complaint that gives an idea of bad sea-sickness is what is called "water-brash." Most persons have had some opportunity of observing this peculiar form of human misery; and we refer to it for the sake of helping the imaginations of those who think, because we laugh at sea-sickness, it is in itself laughable. It is, on the contrary, one of the most horrible kinds of human suffering; and even if Dr. Chapman had only made out his case empirically up to the lowest point allowed in his favour by hostile criticism, he would be a public benefactor. But we think intelligent readers of his book will incline to the opinion that, even if Dr. Chapman's scientific generalizations should hereafter be reduced to some still lower terms, they must take rank as true discoveries.

Referring our readers to Dr. Chapman's pamphlet, which is so plainly written that the least accustomed reader will understand and follow him with ease in the two sections entitled "General Principles of Neuro-therapeutics" and "The Physiology of Vomiting," we will venture upon an extract or two, which will afford a glimpse of the *rationale* which he alleges for his treatment of sea-sickness by the application of ice-bags to the back:—

* Sea Sickness, and How to Prevent it; an Explanation of its Nature and Successful Treatment, through the Agency of the Nervous System, by Means of the Spinal Ice-Bag. With an Introduction on the General Principles of Neuro-Therapeutics. By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., Physician to the Farringdon Dispensary. London: Trübner & Co.

"If we confine ourselves to the doctrine of Harvey as an adequate explanation of the circulation of the blood, we shall indeed find it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to understand how cold along the spine can increase, and how heat along the spine can decrease the general circulation. The conviction, however, has been deepening of late years that a variety of phenomena observable even in man and the higher animals—phenomena in the production of which the movement of the blood is chiefly concerned—are not accounted for by the hypothesis of Harvey; and, in proportion as we descend the animal scale, this hypothesis becomes more and more inadequate [as an explanation of the movement of the blood. Blushing, sudden paleness of the face, flushings and chillness of the whole body, frequently occur without any corresponding disturbance or modification of the heart's action.]"

This is a familiar topic; and Dr. Chapman refers to other instances in which the local afflux of blood is so extreme—and so sudden both in its commencement and its cessation—as to be totally inexplicable upon the hypothesis of Harvey. Of this fact there is no doubt whatever. The most violent conceivable afflux will occasionally begin and cease in a few seconds, without any of the other phenomena required by the doctrine of Harvey, and, as far as common eyes can decide, certainly from causes which are usually classed as "nervous." Now let us pick out a link or two from Dr. Chapman's *catena* of consecutive propositions on pages 22 and 23:—

"That when the spinal cord is in a state of hyperæmia, cramps or the involuntary muscles surrounding the alimentary tube, cramps, of even convulsions of the voluntary muscles, an excess of glandular activity and an excess of sensibility (hyperæsthesia) are likely to ensue.

"That cold applied along the spine will subdue cramps, or excessive tension, of both voluntary and involuntary muscles, will lessen sensibility, will increase secretion, and will lessen the general circulation and bodily heat."

The reader has now some idea of what Dr. Chapman's theory is in its bearing upon sea-sickness, and its treatment by the application of cold to the back. Perhaps it will do more than a thousand set arguments to suggest to the general reader that the theory is at all events not absurd, to remind him of what takes place when he sits with his back to the fire. But an indication is all we have space for. We cannot follow Dr. Chapman into the application of heat to the spine, or quote his numerous cases, but one of them, in which Mr. Ernest Hart is concerned, we will abbreviate, and we think its deep interest will justify us:—

"One of the most interesting proofs yet adduced of the power of the spinal ice-bag to increase the peripheral circulation is that afforded in the shape of its indisputable effects on the eye. I have been able in several instances to improve vision to a very remarkable extent by acting on the spine; and in October, 1864, having accidentally met at the Turkish bath Mr. Ernest Hart, whom I knew to be devoting himself especially to diseases of the eye, I communicated to him the result of my observations, and begged him to give the subject of the influence of cold and heat when applied to the cilio-spinal region on the circulation in the eye his special attention. He kindly promised to do so; and, in the *Lancet* of January 7th, 1865, he published a very remarkable case entitled, 'On a case of Amaurosis from progressive Atrophy of the Optic Nerve with Epileptic Complications treated successfully by the application of Ice to the Spine.' . . . Her sight gradually declined; 'and,' says Mr. Hart, 'when she came to me she could with difficulty read No. 10 of Giraud-Teulon's type. The ophthalmoscope showed palpable whiteness of the optic discs in both eyes. . . . The pupils were semi-dilated, and did not contract fully under ophthalmoscopic examination. . . . I could give no hope of cure. However, after a fortnight of temporizing without benefit I resolved to employ for her treatment the application of ice to the lower cervical and upper dorsal regions of the spine, which has been . . . recommended by Dr. John Chapman as a means of increasing the afflux of blood through the agency of the sympathetic.' The ice-bag was applied during five weeks, generally three times a day, and for about half an hour each time. She had only three fits during this period, and they were comparatively slight. The remainder of the account I give in Mr. Hart's own words. 'That which most nearly touches the subject of my paper, however, is the great improvement which has occurred in her visual power. At the beginning of the treatment she could read no type smaller than No. 10 of Giraud-Teulon; she now reads No. 4 with ease. The pupils are no longer dilated, although they act sluggishly. But a point of great interest is, that the discs are now of a tint which may be pronounced natural; they are palely roseate. . . . From a physiological point of view, this is remarkable as an example of visible regeneration, so to speak, of a nerve in process of wasting from disordered nutrition. Nothing else than the ophthalmoscope could have shown it; and nowhere but in the eye could it have been seen, for nowhere else is a living nerve subject to observation.'"

It was not in Dr. Chapman's power, within the limits of his pamphlet, to apply this case to all the purposes of corroboration which it really seems to suggest; but it appears to us to be one of the very utmost weight and significance. We only advise readers who suffer at sea to get the little book, to give it a thorough, attentive reading, and, with such precautions and instructions as Dr. Chapman will give them, to try the ice-bag.

LAURA'S PRIDE.*

THE first volume of this novel is slightly disfigured by having prefixed to it a page of "opinions of the press" regarding a former tale by the "same author." This is a species of literary garotting that we do not admire. It is like seizing a critic by the throat, very wooingly of course, and intimidating or dazzling him by weight of authority into a favourable consideration of our author's new endeavour. If such and such an authority said so and so about this and that novel by Peter or Paul, does it not seem to follow—*how* is no matter—that the critic of a new work by either of these distinguished writers is bound to dip his pen in the honey-pot, instead of in the usual unbiased ink-bottle? That looks like the bad logic of the matter. Far be it from us to insinuate that the critics have unjustly praised "Mary Constant;" but it does look rather vicious to have those praises knocked into one's eyes as an overture to "Laura's Pride." Sufficient for the hour is the novel thereof, if haply for the whole hour it be sufficient; and it will indeed show solid merit in any novel if it commands the admiration of the maturer hours of the future. Without, therefore, impugning the perfections of "Mary Constant," or the infallibility of her critics, but ignoring them for the present as literary entities, let us consider what the authoress has achieved in her new tale, "Laura's Pride."

Premising that the story is carefully written, in a pure, feminine kind of English, we may state that Laura Wilson is one of three sisters, daughters of the Vicar of Kineford, who is just dead and buried when the curtain rises. One of the sisters is married to Edgar Browning, a civil engineer; Kate, another sister, having attracted the attentions of Mark Robinson, a railway contractor, becomes engaged to that gentleman, who has purchased Elmhurst, a Kineford estate, and resolves to settle there in the character of a working country gentleman. As there seems no immediate chance in the matrimonial market for Laura, Mark Robinson insures her a home so long as she chooses to remain single. This very handsome offer she accepts, so that after Mark and Kate are married, Laura goes to live with them at Elmhurst, where, for a time, all goes smoothly enough. It is necessary to state that the great family at Kineford are the Vaughans, who live at the Park, which is contiguous to Elmhurst. The Vaughan family combines many of the excellences of the English and French character; for while Mr. Vaughan is a genuine specimen of the tolerant, kindly, and somewhat refined English country gentleman, his wife is no less rare a specimen of the good-hearted, refined, and acute French gentlewoman,—their only son, Hugh, concentrating in himself the finer clay and richer juices of both. Mrs. Vaughan is a Roman Catholic, her husband being of the English Church, and it is a testimony to the pure sympathies and broad good sense of the two, that they live a life of the utmost harmony. Their hearts will not allow their heads to quarrel. Hugh, as their only child, combines the strong English sense and honesty of his father, with the easy grace and sweet subtlety of his mother, so that he makes an excellent character—true to the core, and loyal and adhesive where honour and love are concerned. Now, Hugh and Laura having long known each other, are quite naturally thrown a great deal together after the business of the drama begins. But it does not require the incident of the gipsy to foreshadow that the pair will ultimately fall into each other's arms. Destiny is an extensive employer of curious means; but, as a matter of fact, she has long since discarded the gipsy fortune-teller, and given her over to the vendors of penny heroics and fifth-rate theatricals. Another piece of weakness on the same subject is the incident of the charade at the Park; in both of which theatrical tricks the writer descends below her otherwise high level. Laura is meant to be a remarkable character, and perhaps in some points she is so; but, although we have a decided admiration for the lady, she is certainly less perfect in being less natural than Hugh. Laura is an imperfect Beatrice; though her imperfection arises from the fact that the writer does not well know what to do with her at times—as if she had conjured up a spirit superior to herself. While Laura has undoubtedly masculine elements in her character, she is not exactly what is technically called a "strong-minded woman." She could not ascend the hustings and make a political speech; she does not belong to the class of woman who clamours for the franchise; and she would rather despise any theory about the equality of the sexes. Yet she has genuine strength of character, with right womanly instincts. There is, of course, one little crack within the lute, which is productive of considerable discord of a kind. Laura, with all her perfections, has the imperfection of pride, which at special

* *Laura's Pride. A Novel. By the Author of "Mary Constant."* Three vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

points sheathes her womanly tenderness as with the unyielding reticence of steel armour. Her pride is not, however, of an utterly unwholesome kind, and it is only when it comes into collision with pride of a different species that it culminates in disaster. While Laura is living at Elmhurst, Hugh Vaughan and she meet frequently, and, by almost imperceptible but profound transitions, come to love each other, though nothing like confession passes Hugh's lips until the precipice is reached which puts a chasm of years between them. Mark Robinson, Kate's husband, who is in reality a stingy, coarse fellow, renders Laura's life at Elmhurst ultimately unbearable, so that, one wild, windy night, after being insulted with unusual brutality, she hastily leaves the house, intending to seek shelter in the vicarage, now tenanted by her cousin, but in the darkness rushes into the arms of Hugh, who happens to be standing under some trees in her path. Here a little struggle takes place, during which Hugh confesses his love with sufficient distinctness, putting it forth as a reason why he has a better claim than her cousin to afford her shelter and protection for the night. He triumphs, and bears Laura off to the Park to the arms of his mother. Now Mrs. Vaughan, though loving Laura with great affection, has long observed with secret dislike the growth of mutual tenderness between the young people. Having hitherto tried in vain to mate her son with a rich and beautiful French cousin of his own, she determines to break the intercourse between him and Laura, which indeed the position of the now unhappy heroine renders a matter of comparative ease, and the more so that Laura herself discovers that even although Hugh did actually offer to marry her, she would not be received into his family. It is here that to defend herself from the family pride of the Vaughans, she dons more completely than ever her own armour of pride, which remains impenetrable for ten long years—quite a Trojan period of siege. This time Laura spends partly in Spain and partly in India, and when she returns to England, which she does unwillingly, she finds everything changed. Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan are dead, and Hugh has the appearance of a middle-aged country gentleman—aged by more than years. Laura herself is no longer young; but, being compounded of the soundest of clay, she is still clever, stately, and beautiful, with the deep volcano of her early love smouldering steadily under her well-worn armour of pride. We know from the beginning that neither Hugh nor she can love or marry anybody but each other. Of course, Hugh's love is the first to burn up through the crust of old lava; and after much sighing, inward trouble, and diplomatic talk with Laura's brother-in-law, Mr. Browning, Hugh, with much trepidation, again lays siege to Laura's heart. The encounter is passionate; the pent-up tempest of years makes a mess of the landscape; houses are unroofed, trees are uprooted, and in the end Hugh is defeated and repulsed. We are as little prepared for this, as we are some time later to see Laura voluntarily yielding up the keys of the fortress into the hands of her ecstatic lover. Such, however, is the fact; and thus, from the grub-like armour of pride, after years of concealed development, flickers the immortal butterfly of love.

The material of this novel is exceedingly pure, but rather delicate than powerful in texture. It is written by a lady, and will better satisfy the finer cravings of ladies than the stronger appetites of men. There is, no doubt, power of a kind in the volumes, yet the tale is not a powerful one. It is deficient in broad telling effects. The art of the writer is the art of water that splits the stone by a million drops, as distinguished from the art which splits it at one blow. The game that a single bullet should bring down, this writer brings down with showers of sparrowshot. She is a diffusive, elaborating artist. To produce an effect which another writer would make with a half-dozen sentences, she employs a whole chapter of dialogue. Indeed, the author's skill in dialogue, which would appear to be her strength, in one sense proves her weakness, for it seems frequently to run away with her. The interlocutors generally speak well, and their talk helps greatly to reveal their peculiarities of character; but the apparent facility of the author in this department sometimes permits the dignity of the dialogue to sink into the sheerest small talk—an innocent sort of drawing-room tittle-tattle. It all sounds extremely real and elegant, but the excessive iteration of it makes it windily wearisome. The worst of such a fault is that it weakens the effect of the whole. Sometimes, too, the writer puts a pet phrase into the mouth of one of her characters, to whom it is in no way indispensable; as, for instance, Laura's perpetual question, "What do you mean?" even when there is no ambiguity in the matter it refers to, which makes it mechanical and parrot-like. It is also characteristic of the author to interject something that has little or no direct bearing upon the development of the story. In the second volume there is a chapter which is solely devoted to

the discussion of certain literary opinions, Laura and her cousin Herbert being the interlocutors. The Baroness Zautphoen, who writes the "Initials," "Quits," "Cyrilla," and other tales, is quietly puffed; Lord Lytton is also shampooed; while Tennyson is let down a peg or two in the scale of greatness. Laura, who we may safely presume speaks for the author on these subjects, says, "It does seem to me that real poetry should aim at something higher than a tale like 'Enoch Arden'; and if there is a want about Tennyson's completeness as a poet, it is that he has never sung any grand long epic poem." Again, "after all is said, he is more a charming than a great poet." At this, Herbert exclaims, "Well, you astonish me! What has set you thinking, and thinking so to the purpose?" What does the reader think has set Laura thinking? Lord Lytton's "Lost Tales of Miletus!" She has read two of them, "The Secret Way," and "Corinna, or the Grotto of Pan at Ephesus," which she admires amazingly as giving one "some idea of the ancient Greek models," in which respect she declares Tennyson wanting. Herbert of course puts in a wild defence of the Laureate, and then remarks, "Yet surely you would not put Bulwer Lytton's poetic genius above Tennyson's?" Laura replies, "I don't know—I am not capable of making the comparison." The drift of which slightly enigmatic answer is, if anything, to put Tennyson below Lord Lytton as a poet! The literary maunderings of this chapter, together with the superfluous chit-chat of a dozen others, might with profit have been thrust into the waste basket. "Laura's Pride" is a clever domestic novel, too much and rather coolly elaborated—quite pellucid in a moral sense; but it stirs no thought, no passion; it just titillates the ear of curiosity, and it has an odour of politeness and refinement about it which will make it very acceptable in the drawing-room. It ought, moreover, to be set down to the author's credit that she is rather an adept in the art of dress, on which subject there are many delicately acute hints throughout the three volumes.

THE LETTERS AND LIFE OF BACON.*

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

MANY of the letters, memoranda, speeches, and other documents printed by Mr. Spedding in these two volumes, have reference to constitutional matters, in which Bacon, as a lawyer or a member of Parliament, was mixed up. Thus, we find this extraordinary and many-sided genius taking an active part in the proceedings by which the kingdoms of England and Scotland were united under the sceptre of James Stuart. When James came to the throne vacated by the death of Elizabeth, Bacon was forty-two years of age: a man in the maturity yet full vigour of all his powers, a lawyer of experience and repute, and a popular representative who had already made his mark. He seems from the first to have derived the happiest auguries from the association of the two kingdoms, and to have anticipated that such a combination would convert this island into the greatest monarchy of the world. Yet he was for proceeding with caution. On coming away from his first interview with the King, he was impressed with the idea that James was "hastening to a mixture of both kingdoms and nations faster, perhaps, than policy would conveniently bear." He therefore addressed to him "A Brief Discourse touching the Happy Union of the Kings of England and Scotland," the object of which is to show that the perfect amalgamation of the two countries could only be effected by nature and time, and would rather be retarded than promoted by injudicious forcing. The tract is said to have been printed in 1603 (the year of the union), but no copy of this edition is now known to exist, and Mr. Spedding has reproduced the little work from a manuscript copy in the Harleian collection, collated with the printed copy in the "Resuscitatio." The "Discourse" is a curious and an interesting work. It is what in these days would be called a little pedantic; for we find the writer commencing with some high-philosophical remarks on the "affinity and consent between the rules of nature and the true rules of policy," and on the character of Persian magic, which, Bacon tells us, "was the secret literature of their kings," and an application of natural principles and laws to the government of States. But all this elaboration of learning was calculated to please a scholastic monarch such as James, and, moreover, it was in the manner of the age, which was never content unless it could start from the very beginning of things, and deduce the affairs of to-day

* The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon: including all his Occasional Works; namely, Letters, Speeches, Tracts, State Papers, Memorials, Devices, and all Authentic Writings not already Printed among his Philosophical, Literary, or Professional Works. Newly collected and set forth in Chronological Order, with a Commentary, Biographical and Historical. By James Spedding. Vols. III. & IV. London: Longmans & Co.

in regular succession from the creation of the world out of chaos. When Bacon gets into his proper subject, he is practical enough, and shows the wisdom and prescience of a true statesman. He remarks on the singular fact that our island had never before been under one king (he courteously refrains from any allusion to the temporary subjugation of Scotland by Edward I.), and yet that there were no high mountains, no seas or great rivers, and no diversity of language, to provoke "this ancient separation or divorce." He points to the examples of Spain and France, which had in a previous age constituted their unity out of many divided members; and, after diverging once more into abstract considerations touching "the force of union" in natural bodies, he proceeds to expound his views with reference to the conjunction under one Government of kingdoms that have long subsisted apart. That conjunction, he observes, may either be a simple union of the two crowns, and nothing more, leaving each its own laws and customs, or a perfect commixture, so as to produce a completely undivided State or Empire. The latter he considers the better method, though the more difficult of the two. "It is true," he adds, "that most estates and kingdoms have taken the other course: of which this effect hath followed, that the addition of further empire and territory hath been rather matter of burthen than matter of strength unto them; yea, and farther it hath kept alive the seeds and roots of revolts and rebellions for many ages." In the case of England and Scotland, however, he would have had this "unification" (to make use of a modern word) effected without violence to either, and by a gradual process analogous to the subtle chemistry by which Nature combines various elements in one body. The forms by which estates and kingdoms are perfectly united "are (besides the sovereignty itself) four in number: Union in Name, Union in Language, Union in Laws, and Union in Employments." The first of these unions, Bacon pithily remarks, may seem a superficial matter, yet in reality it carries "much impression and enchantment." For example, he points out, "the general and common name of Græcia made the Greeks always apt to unite (though otherwise full of divisions amongst themselves) against other nations, whom they called barbarous. The Helvetic name is no small band to knit together their leagues and confederacies the faster. The common name of Spain (no doubt) hath been a special mean of the better union and conglutination of the several kingdoms of Castile, Arragon, Granada, Navarra, Valentia, Catalonia, and the rest, comprehending also, now lately, Portugal." It is interesting, at the present day, to recall the fate of that union as far as Portugal was concerned. The Spaniards disregarded the prudent maxims which Bacon lays down in favour of not proceeding too fast or by violence. They endeavoured to crush the Portuguese nationality into their own, and so provoked a rebellion which resulted in the re-establishment of the Lusitanian monarchy. We have recently, however, seen a revival—though rather a feeble one—of the former dream of a united western peninsula, under "the common name" of Iberia, for "Spain" has now ceased to be of general application. Referring to the language of England and Scotland, Bacon observes that little need be said, because both kingdoms used the same tongue, "though of several dialects; and the difference is so small between them," he adds, with a shrewd glance into the future, "as promiseth rather an enriching of one language than a continuance of two." It is noteworthy that he makes no allusion to the Gaelic, which was still spoken over a large part of Scotland; but he probably considered that that was rather a local Scotch question (as the prevalence of Cymric in Wales was a local English question) than a matter affecting the relations of the newly united kingdoms. As regards laws, he thought it would be sufficient if there were "an uniformity in the principal and fundamental laws, both ecclesiastical and civil," allowing for a difference in particular customs, and a variety in the places of judicature or session. In these suggestions Bacon certainly anticipated the work of generations. It may be doubted whether even now England and Scotland are united in the degree he contemplated. The "enchantment" of a common name has never been realized. "Britain" is a mere diplomatic abstraction: it has taken no root in the affections of the people on either side of the Tweed; and without a common name there cannot be, in the completest sense, a common nationality. Nor can it be said that there is even yet an identity in "the principal and fundamental laws, both ecclesiastical and civil," of the two kingdoms, which in point of fact are two kingdoms to this day, and not an amalgamated empire, like France.

The question of a common name excited a good deal of debate, and indeed some dissension, between the King and the House of Lords on the one side, and the House of Commons on the other. The former were in favour of entirely sinking

the names "England" and "Scotland" into the one title of "Great Britain"; the latter opposed the suggestion. Many messages from James to the Parliament ensued upon this matter; several debates took place in both Houses; a conference of Lords and Commons was held for comparison of arguments; the judges gave their opinion (which was against the change of name, as productive of confusion in various legal proceedings), and finally a mixed Commission of Englishmen and Scotchmen reported on the subject. The name of Great Britain was not formally, or at least legally, adopted until the Act of Union in the reign of Anne; and it is evident that a good deal of soreness was felt in England, in the time of James, at the project of destroying English nationality by the creation of a so-called "British" monarchy.

Mr. Spedding devotes some space to the great question of Bacon's conduct to the Earl of Essex. It is well known that Essex had befriended Bacon in many ways, yet the latter was one of the prosecuting counsel when the Earl had incurred the displeasure of the Queen. Several writers have adduced this fact as a proof of the inherent baseness and ingratitude of Bacon's nature, though of late years the great philosopher has found a warm apologist in Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in regard both to this and other matters. The present biographer takes a similar view of Bacon's behaviour to his sometime patron. He prints at full length the pamphlet which Sir Francis wrote in his own defence, and which he addressed to the Earl of Devonshire, formerly Lord Montjoy, who had himself been very considerably involved in Essex's intrigues, but had afterwards been taken into favour by the Queen, who felt that his services would be convenient to her; and, in the opinion of Mr. Spedding, we must either doubt the truth of the statements made by Bacon in his apology, or admit that the justification is conclusive. The chief fact alleged by the accused is that, so far from pressing the case against Essex when he was under a species of honourable arrest for alleged misconduct in Ireland, he continually urged the Queen to restore the Earl to his former place in her regards, and that he even did this to the extent of offending her Majesty with himself; but that his position as a Queen's counsellor obliged him to take part in the prosecution on being commanded to do so—a reason which became all the stronger after the Earl's attempt at insurrection. It is said that he eagerly sought for employment on the prosecution; but this he denies, alleging that it was forced on him against his will. The choice was, in fact, one between duty to the Queen and gratitude to his friend; and the former was the stronger motive, aided, probably, by the wish not to sacrifice his prospects in life by refusing to act, or by giving up his position as Queen's counsellor. With some men, gratitude and friendship would have been the stronger motive; but Bacon's was not a nature of this heroic mould.

Among the lighter matters of the present volumes we find a curious memorandum of Bacon's, touching "the abuse I received of Mr. Attorney-General [Sir Edward Coke] publicly in the Exchequer, the first day of term." Coke, it seems held, or affected to hold, a very poor opinion of Bacon's knowledge and experience as a lawyer; and there was evidently hot antagonism between the men. The account of the scene in the Exchequer is so singular that we here subjoin it:—

"I moved to have a reseizure of the lands of George Moore, a relapsed recusant, a fugitive, and a practising traitor; and shewed better matter for the Queen against the discharge by plea, which is ever with a *salvo jure*. And this I did in as gentle and reasonable terms as might be.

"Mr. Attorney kindled at it, and said, 'Mr. Bacon, if you have any tooth against me, pluck it out; for it will do you more hurt than all the teeth in your head will do you good.' I answered coldly in these very words; 'Mr. Attorney, I respect you: I fear you not: and the less you speak of your own greatness, the more I will think of it.'

"He replied, 'I think scorn to stand upon terms of greatness towards you, who are less than little; less than the least'; and other such strange light terms he gave me, with that insulting which cannot be expressed.

"Herewith stirred, yet I said no more but this: 'Mr. Attorney, do not depress me so far; for I have been your better, and may be again, when it please the Queen.'

"With this he spake, neither I nor himself could tell what, as if he had been born Attorney-General; and in the end bade me not meddle with the Queen's business, but with mine own; and that I was unsworn, &c. I told him, sworn or unsworn was all one to an honest man; and that I ever set my service first, and myself second; and wished to God that he would do the like.

"Then he said, it were good to clap a *cap. utlegatum* upon my back! To which I only said he could not; and that he was at a fault; for he hunted upon an old scent.

"He gave me a number of disgraceful words besides; which I answered with silence, and shewing that I was not moved with them."

Although, as we have already remarked, Mr. Spedding's

work is not a biography in the artistic sense of the word, it is a very valuable body of materials, collected with industry, and edited with intelligence and knowledge.

AMERICAN SCRAPS.*

WE have here a mass of table-talk; and as that kind of thing consists of bits of conversation, we may say that Mr. Zincke has simply given us his American scrap-book. That is truly the fact of the matter. The volume is divided into twenty-three chapters; each chapter is made up of several paragraphs; and each paragraph treats of a different subject. That is the author's adopted plan, to describe which can imply no depreciation of the result. Indeed, the deliberate scrappiness of the book is not a bad idea on the part of the author. There being no continuity of subject, the reader can dispense with continuity of effort in reading it; he can take it at odd scraps of time, until all the paragraphs are consumed, though the probability is that he will read it at two or three sittings. A preliminary question for us to consider is, whether Mr. Zincke has brought home anything new. As it would have been a miracle if he had, it can hardly be a demerit that he has not, so that such a fact cannot altogether deteriorate the interest of his volume. One thing in favour of Mr. Zincke, and of all tourists who venture to select America wherein to spend a lengthened holiday, is the comparative freshness of the country as a field of observation. Europe, with perhaps the exception of Russia, is an old story—old and furrowed with wrinkles of every imaginable kind of glory. America may be said to be acting only the prologue to her story, the substantial body of the play being still in vulcano-artistic preparation behind innumerable unlifted curtains. She has a magnificent stage, on which the furies of civil strife have already torn each other in tragic conflict, and on which she is now busy practising the arts of peace, and, so to speak, mending the shattered pillars of the State. Talking of this subject reminds us that Mr. Zincke has several detached paragraphs regarding the effects of the late war. Sitting at table in Richmond with two Virginians, one of them, knowing our author to be an Englishman, said—"Sir, you have come to a God-forsaken country. Those who lately had riches are now in want; and the whites are now ruled by the blacks." Another gentleman said to him that he and "many others wished that they were living under a king of the English royal family; and that Virginians deeply regretted that they had ever separated from England." Others "were so stung by the sense of defeat that they were even wishing themselves dead." "But," says the tourist, "I never heard from their lips one word of disloyalty to the Union to which they have returned in perfect good faith. Their bitterness was only for those trading politicians who, being, as they thought, incapable of understanding honourable men, had sent a Freedman's Bureau and an army of occupation to oppress and torment those who were now quite as loyal to the Union as themselves, and if they were not, yet were utterly incapable of moving a finger against it." There is, no doubt, a great deal of distress in the South, but all the States which were in secession were not equally affected by the war, and several are rapidly recovering from the shock. Of Virginia the author has great hopes; but for South Carolina, throughout which the most abject poverty reigns precisely where formerly there was the most abundant wealth, "there appears to be no resurrection, except in some new order of things, under which a new set of proprietors will occupy the land, and cultivate it with Northern capital, and somewhat in the Northern fashion." Things are only a little less gloomy in Louisiana and Mississippi, in the latter of which States the plantations remain uncultivated from want of capital which nobody will lend the planters, remembering the act of repudiation which Mississippi perpetrated at the instigation of Mr. Jefferson Davis. Mr. Zincke having a rather low opinion of the negro race, does not think them capable of intelligently wielding the franchise; appears to think that the Freedman's Bureau committed a mistake in undertaking to educate the negro; and expresses the opinion that the Southern planters ought to have been allowed to settle with the negroes themselves the labour-and-wages contract, and how it was to be worked. Perhaps so; but with a good memory for the past, it is difficult to imagine the negro getting justice in such a case. Some apprehension appears to have been felt at the South at the probability of a war of races. This our author thinks

improbable, but seems to hold the opinion that the eventual extermination of the negroes; "by moral and economical causes, is inevitable." To this also we say, Perhaps; and simply add that, as the comparative durability of races is by no means a settled question, the doomed negro may slightly outlive the date of the doom so prophetically assigned him.

One is curious to know what Mr. Zincke, being himself a Churchman, has to say about the Churches in America. He refers to the subject in many of his paragraphs, but in the first place quotes a remark made by an American gentleman which we in this country might be the better for studying. "The way," says this American, "in which we deal with the clergy here, is to pay them well, and to encourage them to say exactly what they think. What we pay them for is not other people's ideas and opinions—these we can find in books—but their own. We expect them to devote a reasonable portion of their time, and all the mental powers they possess, to theological study, and then give us the result." This definition of the duty of a clergyman seems so reasonable that one wonders why any other definition of it has ever prevailed. In our own country the practice proceeds on precisely the reverse tack. We pay our clergymen, if we pay them at all, not to encourage them to think and say exactly what they think, but in intellectual form and substance to walk in the footsteps of their predecessors—that is, to suppress all individual thought. If they dare to think, or at least venture to enunciate what they think, either in the pulpit or in books, we persecute by prosecuting them, make their lives miserable, and do all in our power to ruin them by damaging their clerical reputation. Regarding the American practice, Mr. Zincke remarks that "this broad construction of the duty of a clergyman, as a religious teacher, coincides very much with what I was frequently told, that the broad way of thinking was becoming the common way of thinking in almost all the American Churches." With such a religious atmosphere existing as a daily condition, it was quite natural that Mr. Zincke should hear even from femininelips in a mixed company where everyone heard the expression, that "every thinking American was of opinion that religion, if not in conformity with the knowledge and sentiments of the times, was a dead thing." Some opinions of an American bishop regarding the Episcopal Church in the New World are also carefully reported. This dignitary, writes Mr. Zincke, thought that "the Episcopal Church in America was the natural, or at all events now the chief, bond of union between the old country and the United States." That is surely a big as well as a bold statement even for a bishop to make. The Episcopalians, it seems, cherish the recollections of the old country most fondly; while the Churches which are connected with English dissent "are more or less actuated by feelings, if not of animosity, yet certainly of coldness towards the old country." Such a statement might have been more true had it been less sweeping—the long bow is drawn too close to the ear. We are now quite prepared to hear that the Episcopal Church in the New World is so much respected and so powerful that it is "more influential in forming and guiding public opinion than even the Government and Legislature." Of course, the members of this powerful Church comprise the great bulk of "the most refined and educated class in the country;" and those of that class who join it, do so because "they regard Romanism as a religion not for man, but only for women and children, while they look upon the other Churches as having little devotion and less stability." Then we are told that "the natural and only aristocracy" are the clergy of the different Churches, "but more particularly of the Episcopal Church," the lawyers coming next, and the politicians being nowhere. Another statement is curious and interesting. It appears that "the five Yankee States, with the exception of Connecticut, which is the most Episcopal State in the Union, are rapidly becoming Unitarian and Universalist. This in some degree accounts for the equivocal character of their acuteness, and for their singular want of magnanimity." To account for these views, it is sufficient to remind the reader that they are the opinions of an American bishop, not of Mr. Zincke, though the latter gentleman has of course much pleasure in recording them among his paragraphs.

Mr. Zincke writes conscientiously; he is not a caricaturist; and, accepting his statements as simply authentic, one cannot avoid the impression that the Americans have passed utterly beyond the pictures of them that travellers were wont veraciously to paint. They do not scramble at dinner at the hotels. A hundred may sit at table, but each guest is served separately; they do not eat rapidly; they are the reverse of talkative; they are not inquisitive; "they are far more civil and helpful to one another and to strangers than Englishmen are;" and those of them who belong to good society "are in a very high degree quiet and unassuming." Mr. Zincke never heard an American

* Last Winter in the United States. Being Table-talk collected during a Tour through the late Southern Confederation, the Far West, the Rocky Mountains, &c. By F. Barham Zincke, Vicar of Wherstead, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. London: John Murray.

use the word "siree" for sir; never heard any one "guess;" nor was he ever asked to "liquor." Such and a hundred other things may once have been American practices; but they have now been utterly abandoned. The people are well clothed, well fed, well educated, and they speak the English language more purely than the English people do at home. For California and its people our author has great admiration, and his impression seems to be that if Americans are an advanced and advancing people, the Californians are in advance of their countrymen generally. "One cannot," he says, "become acquainted with half a dozen Californians without seeing that man himself has been improved in this wonder-working region—the finest, not only that the Anglo-Saxon race, but that any race of man has ever inhabited. There is a quickness and determination of mind, and a calmness of manner, a quickness of eye, and a cleanness of limb about a Californian that you cannot but notice. They have in a thousand ways shown enterprise which astonishes even Americans themselves." Speaking of the people as a whole, Mr. Zincke says, "The fact is, the Americans are the most reasonable and teachable people in the world." An Englishman will defy all evidence, and cling to his mistake; but "prove to the Americans that they are wrong, and the whole people will, as if they were one man, readily abandon their mistake." Being thus open to conviction, "they would never go to war with us knowing themselves to be in the wrong." There is therefore hope that Anglo-Saxon blood will never be spilt by Anglo-Saxon swords. With this remark we must commend Mr. Zincke's interesting book to the general reader, for whose information, on innumerable American subjects, it is admirably adapted. Many interesting remarks on the subject of education occur throughout the volume, which concludes with an excellent chapter on the common schools of America.

SHORT NOTICES.

Acrostics. By the Hitchin Acrostic Club. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The making of acrostics is an intellectual exercise especially interesting to amateur versemakers. It is, indeed, a field on which, as there is little gold and less glory to be gathered, professional writers do not care to trespass. As an amusement for young ladies, and an agreeable method of diversifying the dead-level of flirtation, it promises to rival croquet. Acrostic clubs, it seems, are becoming an institution. This pretty little volume is the first fruit of one of these societies. It is published in aid of the funds of a charity, and the small sum it costs is well spent in aid of a worthy object, and on the purchase of an endless source of amusement to family circles during the long evenings of winter. All the acrostics are in verse, many of them are exceedingly clever and ingenious, and very neatly turned. A rhyming preface tells the story of the compilation, and pleads for tender criticism. The plea was scarcely needed, for if acrostics are to be written at all, it would not be easy to point to a more original collection, or one of more careful and graceful metrical expression, than that of the Hitchin Club.

The Worthies of Cumberland—The Right Hon. Sir J. R. G. Graham, Bart., of Netherby. By Henry Lonsdale, M.D., Author of "The Lives of Watson, J. C. Curwen," &c. (Routledge.)

Dr. Lonsdale has here composed an agreeable and concise biography of a statesman whose political conduct has been more critically reviewed and treated by Mr. Torrens. We think, however, that this memoir will be well received by the public, who do not so much care to study the lines by which Sir James Graham found himself at times at contradictory points, as to acquire a personal knowledge of one who was indeed notable enough to be considered a "worthy" in Cumberland. The advantage which a clear and not tedious narrative of this kind possesses is, that by the fact of a long life being described in a short space, the reader is all the better able to mark distinctly the variations of opinions and conduct in the subject of it. Dr. Lonsdale opens his work by an account of the Grames of the Border, and evidently feels a pride in showing the descent of Sir James from the cattle-lifters who harried the snug roosts of honest people. He pays, we venture to think also, his respectable publishers a rather equivocal compliment, by including in the list of lawless borderers, amongst others, the "Rootledges." However, the author does not tire us with lore of such sort as the foregoing. He proceeds at once to sketch out the early career of Graham, tells us of his marriage, his first diplomatic performances, and details of his dandyism and beauty,—the figure and form of the man being said to have been so striking that George IV. pronounced him and his wife to "have been the handsomest couple he had ever set eyes upon." Personally, Sir James was rather cold and unsympathetic in temperament, and his conduct towards O'Connell did not show a dignified spirit. *Punch* used to be severe upon him for peeping into envelopes, and in the caricatures of the day he was

represented as "Paul Pry." His immovable stolidity in support of the Establishment, his ungenerous and bigoted expressions towards Ireland, and the air of spleen and rancour which were displayed in the different modifications of political faith which he underwent, do not impress us over-favourably with his character. In fact, he did not improve with age. The following anecdote is significant enough to be quoted. "On calling at Robert Twentyman's at Hawkedale, he met Robert's mother in the lobby, to whom he addressed—'You see, Mrs. Twentyman, I walk in with the same freedom as in days gone by.' 'Ay,' quoth the dame, 'but ye're sair altered since then; we hardly ken what ye are now.'" Dr. Lonsdale, it should be remarked, is no blind worshipper of his subject, and one of the charms of his pleasant biography consists in its warmth (natural to the historian of local celebrities) being tempered by a discretion which prevents his volume from being a mere fulsome tribute of undeserved praise. If he has not worked out the Cumberland ground, we should gladly meet him on it once more.

Parochial and Plain Sermons. By John Henry Newman. Vols. VI. and VII. (Rivingtons.)

"The truth, friend . . . where is the truth? Show it me. That is the question between us. I see it on both sides. I see it in this man who worships by Act of Parliament, and is rewarded with a silk apron and five thousand a year; in that man who, driven fatally by the remorseless logic of his creed, gives up everything—friends, fame, dearest ties, closest vanities, the respect of an army of Churchmen, the recognised position of a leader—and passes over, truth impelled, to the enemy, in whose ranks he is ready to serve henceforth as a nameless private soldier: I see the truth in that man as I see it in his brother, whose logic drives him to quite a different conclusion, and who, after having passed a life in vain endeavours to reconcile an irreconcilable book, flings it at last down in despair, and declares, with tearful eyes and hands up to heaven, his revolt and recantation." These words, spoken by Arthur Pendennis in Thackeray's novel, it may not be impertinent to suggest, were prompted by the peculiar reputations attached respectively to John Henry and Francis W. Newman. We have frequently before spoken of the characteristics of Dr. Newman's sermons. We can only repeat that these volumes manifest the same analytical power as their predecessors, half-hidden by an apparently charitable supernaturalism which does not always conceal the scornful tendencies of the preacher. There is in this series a wonderful discourse on the "Subjection of the reason and feelings to the revealed word," in which he says, "Men who indulge their passions have a knowledge different in kind from those who have abstained from such indulgence; and when they speak on subjects connected with it realize them in a way in which others cannot realize them." This is not always true, nor is it true often enough to justify a general declaration. A riotous fancy may exist in an ascetic, the pictures of which would shock the most cultivated worldling. Dr. Newman does well to defend the holy man of the desert from those "who view their words in their own murky atmosphere imputing to them their own grossness;" but his rage should not extend to others who are astounded at the prurient fertility of an invention supposed to be regulated by the strictest rules and trammels. However, we commend our readers to judge this clever chapter for themselves. Whatever may be the errors of the preacher there can be no question of his earnest zeal and his courageous and steadfast belief. To win souls is his pure and single object; and if from time to time flashes of common feeling break through sentiments so cleansed and refined, they give but a more tender interest to the work. The testimony of thousands as well as that of Arthur Pendennis is due to him, and also, perhaps, to that other of whom Pendennis spoke as failing to reconcile the—to him—irreconcilable.

Life Lost or Saved. By Selina Ditcher. Second Edition. (Hatchard & Co.)

We are glad to perceive that a second edition of this pious little book, which we commended on the occasion of its first appearance, has been called for. The subjects treated by the authoress are of too great magnitude to admit of discussion in this place; and we can only generally say that the book amply deserves the favour which has been accorded to it.

We have also received—*A Biblical Cyclopædia or Dictionary, Illustrative of the Old and New Testament*, edited by John Eadie, D.D., LL.D., eleventh edition, revised throughout and enlarged (Griffin & Co.);—*The Orthodox Church of the East in the Eighteenth Century*, by George Williams, D.D. (Rivingtons);—*Clark's Foreign Theological Library*, fourth series, Vols. XIX. and XX.,—Harless's "System of Christian Ethics," Delitzsch's "Commentary on the Hebrews" (T. & T. Clark);—*L'Honneur et l'Argent*, a Comedy, by François Ponsard, edited by Professor Ch. Cassal, LL.D. (Trübner);—*England's Antiphon*, by George MacDonald, LL.D., Part III. (Macmillan);—*Diocesan Synods*, a paper by the Rev. H. W. Stewart, M.A. (Hodge, Smith, & Foster);—*Conservatism, its Principle, Policy, and Practice*, a reply to Mr. Gladstone's Speech at Wigan, by Lord Lindsay (Murray).